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AMARYNTHUS,

THE

NYMPHOLEPT.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

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AMARYNTHUS,

THE

NYMPHOLEPT:

A PASTORAL DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

By Thomas Smith.

Et vos agrestùm præsèntia numina Fauni,
Ferte simul Faunique pedem, Dryadesque puellæ;
Munera vestra cano. VIRG. *Georg.* i. 10.

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PREFACE.

THE Νυμφόληπτοι of the Greeks, and the Lymphati or Lymphatici of the Romans, were men supposed to be possessed by the Nymphs, and driven to phrensy, either from having seen one of those mysterious beings, or from the maddening effect of the oracular caves in which they resided. Plutarch particularly mentions that the Nymphs Sphragitides haunted a cave on Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia, in which there had formerly been an oracle, and where, from the inspiration they diffused, Nympholepsy became an endemic complaint. According to Festus, it was formerly thought that all those

who had merely seen the figure of a nymph in a fountain were seized with madness during the remainder of their lives. Ovid himself dreaded this event, as appears by the lines in the fourth book of his *Fasti*.

“ *Nec Dryadas, nec nos videamus labra Dianæ,
Nec Faunum medio cùm premit aura die;*”

and Propertius also alludes to the same belief, when, in describing the happiness of the early ages, he exclaims,

“ *Nec fuerat nudas pœna videre deas.*”

It was the popular opinion throughout the whole of Greece, that the nymphs occasionally appeared to mortals, and that the consequences of beholding them were generally to be deprecated: the result among such a superstitious

and imaginative people may easily be conjectured. Terror combined with religion in disposing the mind to adopt delusion for reality; and visions became frequent and indisputable in exact proportion to the prevalence of timidity and enthusiasm. Sometimes they were not altogether imaginary in their origin. Partial glimpses of some country girl, tripping, perhaps, through the twilight-grove to meet her lover, or stealing into the copse at day-break to bathe in its embowered waters, were quite sufficient to inflame the combustible fancy of a Greek. Others, probably, without such excitement of the external sense would sit amid the solitude of the forest, brooding over the tales which peopled it with nymphs, fauns, and satyrs, until they realised them to their mind's eye, and became Nympholepts the more incurable,

because no tangible object had deranged their faculties, and they had consequently no means of proving the fallacy of their impressions.

Already possessing several translations of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, and Tasso's *Aminta*, (of which last an admirable version has recently been published by Mr. Hunt,) and enriched, as our literature is, by similar dramas of our own, particularly Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, and Milton's *Comus*, it may be thought presumptuous, as well as unnecessary, to have ventured on the same style of composition. It will hardly be required that the Author should disclaim all attempt at competition, or even comparison with those celebrated productions; but where the chaplet, already entwined, however beautiful, consists but of few

distinct specimens, he trusts he may stand excused in tendering a few wild flowers, perhaps not unmixed with weeds, for the sake of giving variety to the pastoral wreath. He is not aware that Nympholepsy has been made the subject of poetical experiment, or that the religious scepticism and excitement prevalent in Greece at the period to which he has assigned his drama, have been impressed into the service of the muses. Plato, influenced by the fate of Socrates, had introduced his new mystical Theogony, without attempting the complete demolition of the established theory, and, though obviously a believer in the unity of the Deity, was cautious in denying Polytheism. These conflicting opinions, producing doubt upon all points rather than conviction upon any, stimulated that insatiable curiosity for prying into the

mysteries of nature, of which it has been attempted to delineate a faint outline in the character of Amarynthus, the Nympholept. In the more pastoral parts, the Author has borrowed from Theocritus almost as unblushingly as Virgil did before him, though he fears that he has been more successful in imitating his rusticity than in catching any portion of his Doric and graceful beauties.

Lucy Milford is founded on a circumstance related to the Author, as having actually occurred, some years ago, upon the coast of Norfolk. Some of our sects, among other anti-social regulations, rigidly forbid all marriages out of the pale of their own persuasion; a restriction which frequently occasions the most heart-rending struggles between the kind yearn-

ings of nature, and the stern mandates of a mistaken intolerance. Missionaries, actuated perhaps by the best intentions, but certainly armed with more zeal than discretion, overrun the country, and by inculcating on their proselytes the necessity of implicit obedience to this injunction, whatever may have been their previous engagements, oppose themselves to all the charities of human life, and too often tear up domestic comfort by the very roots. — To expose the miseries engendered by this narrow proscription will not be unavailing, if, in one single instance, it shall succeed in restoring a more liberal and kindly spirit. If there be any contention among fellow-countrymen and worshippers of the same God, let it be an emulation for extinguishing all these paltry exclusions, and let him be considered the best

Christian who is the first to extend to all his neighbours, without distinction of sect or party, the right hand of fellowship and brotherly love.

AMARYNTHUS,

THE

NYMPHOLEPT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

URANIA, *a nymph of the air.*

DRYOPE, *a wood-nymph.*

THEUCARILA, *a priestess of Pan, sister to Amaranthus.*

ÆNONE, *a Delphic girl.*

AMARILLIS, *a shepherdess, in love with Phœbidas.*

DORIS, *mother of Amarillis.*

AMARYNTHUS, *the Nympholept.*

CHABRIAS, *a priest of Pan.*

PHŒBIDAS, *a herdsman, in love with Amarillis.*

CELADON, *a rich Athenian, having possessions at Tempe.*

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Nymphs, Satyrs, and Fawns.

SCENE. *The Vale of Tempe and its Neighbourhood.*

AMARYNTHUS,

THE

NYMPHOLEPT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Vale of Tempe.

CHABRIAS, *surrounded with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, is seen standing beside a rustic Altar.*

Chabrias. UPON our altar let this lambkin fair
Burn as a holocaust, until its smoke
Curl up into the lofty blue, and bear
Our breathings to the God whom we invoke.

[*He comes forward.*

Thou great and good, all hail ! Whatever tongue
May best befit thee from adoring man,

Mendes or Chemmis to Egyptians sung
By seven-mouth'd Nile, or comprehensive Pan,
By the primeval shepherds named, that trod
The new-born hills of Arcady, all hail!
They, when their yearning hearts required a God,
Sate on their mountains musing, till the gale
Of inspiration bade them recognize
A mighty spirit breathing thro' the whole
Infinitude of ocean, earth, and skies,
The world's Creator, and its living soul: —
A self-existent, ever-flowing stream
Of light and life, pervading, blessing ALL,
And hence, ejaculating "Pan!" with fall
Of reverent knees they hail'd thee God supreme.
To this ethereal spirit fancy soon
Gave form indefinite; the sun and moon
Became the eyes and index of its mind,
The tides its pulses, and its breath the wind.
A later age gave emblematic birth
To an ideal shape, half brute, half man,

Of the mix'd elements of heaven and earth
Daring to fashion a symbolic Pan.
His upper portion typified mankind,
His lower parts the brutes : — his horns out-bent
The spreading rays of sun and moon defined :
His spotted skin the starry firmament :
His face the ruddy sky : his seven-reed pipe
The music of the seven-infolded spheres.
Alas ! how soon the heavenly archetype
In the terrestrial symbol disappears.
Our Sires embodied Deity had shown ; —
The human capriform their sons retain'd
They deified, and impiously stain'd
With earthly lusts to sanctify their own.
Thou desecrated holiness ! forgive
The dark distortions that thy name defile ;
O spare the guilty worshippers who live
In creeds impure, and profanations vile,
And hear thy priest, who, stung with shame and grief.
Cries out to thee for sanctifying aid,

That his benighted flock he may persuade
Back to the pure and primitive belief.
Simple and rude, if selfish hymns they raise
Only for blessings that to earth belong,
Look kindly down on their imperfect praise,
Grant what is right, and pardon what is wrong.

*The Peasants, bearing branches of pine, kneel round
the altar, and chant the following hymn :*

1.

Glory to Pan! Glory to Pan!
Praise him with pæans each maiden and man ;
Our cattle he shields, our harvests he yields :
Hail to thee! hail to thee! God of the fields!

2.

Thou, who dost reign over valley and plain,
O list to the prayer of the shepherd and swain ;
Our dairies and farms deliver from harms,
And shelter our folds when the night-wolf
alarms.

3.

Guide back the young lambs who have stray'd
from their dams,
And make them in shearing-time hardy as rams ;
Our goats and our cows instruct where to browse,
That their milk may be sweet, and abound in each
house.

Pan ! Pan ! Glory to Pan ! &c.

Chabrias. Come not with hecatombs in sacrifice,
To soothe imagin'd wrath by cruel rites,
Nor costly gifts, nor grovelling flatteries,
As if your God had human appetites ;
But what your simple shepherd state admits,
Betokening grateful love, not slavish fear,
Tender with such frank homage as befits
Man to prefer, and gracious heaven to hear.

1st Shepherd. New milk and honey, three times
purified,
We in our wooden bowls have brought.

2d Shepherd.

And we

These leaves of pine into a wreath have tied
For our God's statue.

Shepherdess.

Down in yonder lea,

With dew-wash'd fingers, we these flowers have
pluck'd,

With which to strew the temple of our God.

Chabrias. So may ye always act as I instruct.

Give me by alb and amice, wreath and rod,
That with due vesture I may solemnize
Our temple mysteries. On the verdant sod,
(These rites concluded,) shall ye seek the prize
In games gymnastic, wrestling, and the race,
And on Pan's altar shall the victors place
Their olive garlands, which of right belong
To him who gave them vigour. Let us grace
Our holiday with harmless feast and song,
Blessing the Deity who blesses earth,
With worship that he loves us to address,
Homage of grateful glee and social mirth,

And unpolluted human happiness.

On to the grove of pines, whose lofty boughs

Garland with green our temple's marble brows.

[*Exeunt in procession, singing "Pan! Pan!
Glory to Pan!" &c.*

SCENE II.

A Rocky Ravine near the Vale of Tempe.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Ho! Phœbidas! what ho! Alas! alas!

The hollow rocks return me back his name

As if to mock my grief. O Phœbidas

Where hast thou wander'd from thine Amarillis

What ho!

Celadon (entering). Who calls so loudly? Peace,
for shame!

Dost thou not know that in this rocky haunt

There is a fount, where, on a bed of lilies,

A Naiad sleeps?

Amarillis. O hail! fair nymph! avaunt
Be all irreverent noises from thine ear;
Thus, on my knees, your pardon I implore
For my rude clamour.

Celadon. Amarillis, dear,
Tho' scornful, dear, and beautiful as cold,
What seekst thou here? Why does thy flock
explore

These haggard cliffs, and piny dells, where blow
No wild flowers, and no grass can flourish?

Amarillis. Bold
And unadvised these wanderings may seem,
But trust me, Celadon, I scarcely know
Whither I roam, for I have lost (O Pan,
Restore him safe and soon!) my Phœbidas.
Say, hast thou seen him in these wilds?

Celadon. You dream
In asking me. The shepherdesses can
Resolve you better. Ask the black-eyed lass,
Alphesibæa, she who tends the goats

Of Damon, — question budding Melanippe,
The romp, whose ruddy arms so oft enfold
His neck like garlands ; — hie to brown Alcippe,
The Athenian chorister, whose wanton notes
Lull'd him last night beside the guggling river ; —
Seek the vine-pruner, plump Tilphosa —

Amarillis.

Hold .

Thy poisonous tongue, unmannerly deceiver !
By the dread frown of tower'd Cybele,
Thou hast belied my Phœbidas ; for he
Is true as is the shadow to the sun,
Bees to their queen, or swallows to the spring.
O Celadon, unkind ! was this well done,
Afflicted as I am to sting mine ear
With thy base fictions ? Slanderer, I fling
Thy falsehoods in thy face.

Celadon.

Close not that mouth,
Altho' it scold me, nor let disappear
Those teeth, whose whiteness makes the lip more red,
Like snow-drops set in a carnation-bed.

Am I to blame if thy false-hearted youth
Intoxication drinks from Dirce's lip,
As from the nectaries of hollyhocks
The humble bee, even till he faints, will sip?
Have I the charge of Ianira's locks,
Whose web has caught that butterfly — his heart?
Amarillis. Away, away! I will not hear thy sorry
Fables. Dirce and Ianira? Psha!
He hates their Ethiop lips.

Celadon. How blind thou art
To his known falsehood; but no longer worry
Thy soul about him. Is not his desertion
Base? Is not absence infidelity?
And doth it well become a modest maid
To follow one who holds her in aversion?

Amarillis. Traducer, he does not. O I could cry
To hear him thus abused!

Celadon. If not betray'd,
Thou art forgotten — then let another lover
Supply his loss, who will not ape his flight.

Amarillis. Another! Whom?

Celadon. What! canst thou not discover?

Have I so long, fair *Amarillis*, vow'd
That thou wert dear to me, so wish'd to plight
A mutual faith, so grieved when disallow'd;
And has all vanish'd with no deeper trace
Than cloudy shadows on a summer sea?
Bethink thee, *Amarillis*, I am rich,
And can exalt thee from the plain, to grace
Cities and courts. Ennobled shalt thou be
Above thy kindred; music shall bewitch
Thy waking senses, and thy sleep enlist
Elysium. Round thy Tyrian robes a sash
Of gold shall blaze, — each finger be on fire
With ruby rings and clasps of amethyst,
And thine ears' pendant diamonds shall out-flash
All but thine eyes. I have a stately ship
Here at *Iolchos*, and two more, whose prows,
Sparkling with gold, throw lustre on the waves
Of the *Piræus*. One I will equip

As a floating palace, that we may carouse
On nectar in its marble baths, while slaves
Sing summer madrigals. Another shall
Transport us to the Olympian games, — the third
To Delos when Apollo's festival
Is solemnised, and thou shalt be preferr'd
At both unto the loftiest station, dress'd
Royally.

Amarillis. This is the secret then of all
Thy forgeries about Alphesibæa,
Tilphosa, Melanippe, and the rest ;
Coin'd but to make me jealous, — vain idea :
I've heard thine offers, listen now to me.
I am a shepherdess, and thou art great
In wealth, if not in virtue : — if to thee
The pomps thou boastest of convey delight,
Go, taste them with thy wife. My humble state,
Even if I lov'd so high, unfits me quite
For grandeur : — shared with one whom I despise,
As I do thee, it would be wretchedness

Supreme. Yet we, whom rustic life entices,
Have luxuries, pomps, and pleasures that we prize,
Above thy poor magnificence. Confess
That health and virtue, which are happiness,
Are more luxurious than thy sickly vices.
What pomps can courts and capitals supply
So gorgeous as the rising of the sun
Over this vale of Tempe? so sublime
As the sea's deep-mouth'd voice in harmony
With woods and winds — an awful unison!
What matins like the larks, who heavenward climb,
And pour down lighted music from above?
What midnight serenade so rapturous
As the lone nightingale's, whose soul of love
Out-gushes with her song? — Jewels and rings!
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,
Hung with a pearl, which, when the sun up-springs,
Is dyed to amethyst and ruby? Shower
Thy golden sashes elsewhere, — here they're lost;
For we, when in the sunny corn we stray,

Are zoned by waving sheets of gold, emboss'd
With Flora's rich embroidery.

Celadon.

By Apollo !

Thine anger makes thee eloquent : — hast ended ?

Amarillis. No ; I have told our pomps, now
hear me prove

Our pleasures. O how sweet it is to follow
My flock o'er hill, and down, and dale, attended
By him I love ; well knowing him to love
Me, and me only. Sweet to see him run
To cull me strawberries from the hedge's side,
Or ripe queen-apples, on whose cheeks the sun
Hath left the ruby of his lips, or mellow
Figs such as Sicily hath ne'er outvied :
While I, with grateful heart, gather him yellow
Daffodils, pinks, anemones, musk-roses,
Or that red flower whose lips ejaculate
Woe, — and form them into wreaths and posies,
On rushy baskets heap'd in fragrant piles.
Soothing it is and sweet to contemplate

A smiling earth, sea, sky, and mark their smiles
Upon the faces that we love reflected : —
With kindred hearts thro' flowery meads to stray
To the God's fane by whom we are protected,
To thank him for our happiness, and pray
That fortune's aid may soon unite each heart
At Hymen's altar. Such is the happy lot
I share with Phœbidas ; rich as thou art
And high, canst thou improve my fate? If not,
Grant the sole boon thy grandeur can confer,
And help me gather up my scatter'd sheep,
For my poor wearied Rover scarce can stir,
Lamed in these steepy crags, and bottoms deep.

Celadon. By froth-born Venus and her quiver'd
boy,

Thou shalt not move a foot till I have tasted
Those fluent lips.

Amarillis. Attempt it, and my cries
Shall rouse the goatherds.

Celadon. Darest thou then annoy
A vengeful Naiad sleeping ?

Amarillis. Thou hast wasted
Again thy simple cunning ; for I see
This is another of thy forgeries
To silence me.

Celadon. Nay then I have a plea
To stop thy mouth with kisses.

Amarillis. Back, base man !
Or I will set my dog at thee. By Pan !
If thou but mov'st a single step, my crook
Shall fell thee to the earth. Hie, Rover, leap,
And chace my thirsty flock from yonder swamp,
That I may guide them thro' the glen to the
brook

Down in the vale. Thou wealthy wooer, keep
Thy tales, seductions, gold, and guilty pomp
For city damsels. [Exit.

Celadon. Foil'd by a rustic minx !
Rejected, lectured, and a clumsy clown

Preferr'd! — 'Tis well; but if the vixen thinks
To 'scape my vengeance, she has little known
Celadon's nature. In yon secret grove
I'll lie, and plot revenge for slighted love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Vale of Tempe.

AMARYNTHUS *alone.*

Plutus, thou bloated fiend, God of the foul
And sordid slaves of gold,
Chain me no more—unfold
The talons that have grasp'd my soul
And wither'd up its beauty.—Hence, avaunt!
Thou and thy crew with quenchless hunger gaunt.
Thus with repentant shudders of disgust
Do I shake off all sympathy
With thee and thy idolatry,
And as the camel, parch'd with dust,
Athwart the desert from afar will scent

The fountain's moisture, and above controul
Leap to the blessed waters ; so my soul,
Long in the city's peopled desert pent,
O holy Nature, to thy freshness rushes,
To bathe in leafy greenness, and inhale
The rapture that to all my senses gushes.
My spirit seems with new-born flutterings
Against the body's bars to beat its wings.
At Athens, when th' Acropolis I trod,
Thus have I stood, awed by the majesty
Of some celestial marble, till I felt
In every nerve the thrill of symmetry,
Misdeeming it a reverence of the God.—
'Twas but the chord that vibrated to thee,
To whom I should have knelt,
O lovely Nature ! of whose perfect graces
Art can but feebly shadow forth the traces.
What art or poet's fancy,
In all it's necromancy,
Could conjure up a sylvan scene like this ?
Flowery slopes with temples crown'd ;

Fountains, grots, and waving woods,
Sunny spots and solitudes,
Where the deepening meadow mingles
With the green darkness of the dingles.
Breezes that with beaks resound,
Incense throwing
From blossoms blowing,
While through the vale the Peneus flowing,
From rocks and crags at intervals
Calls the tumbling waterfalls,
And, giant-like, in distant view,
Ossa and Olympus throw
Their craggy foreheads, white with snow,
Up into the cloudless blue.

How sweet are the remember'd smells
Of infancy! — these weeds and flowers wild
Draw the same perfume from the constant earth
With which I was delighted when a child.
O had I stuck to Nature, and these dells,
My happy place of birth,

I might have still retain'd, like this calm blossom,
The sweetness ever springing from her bosom.

*ÆNONE runs in with a Hunting-Spear in her Hand,
followed by THEUCARILA. — ÆNONE sings.*

1.

Grey was the morning, and cool the breeze,
Awake, awake! be up with Apollo!

When the Belides dash'd through the dew-drop-
ping trees,
With quiver and lance, and hoop and hallo!
Their dogs gave tongue till all Argos rung,
As with hair on the wind the sisters follow.

2.

Fleet Amymone is first, when lo!
Up springs a stag on his milk-white haunches:
Away he stretches; — she grasps her bow,
And twang goes her arrow amid the branches;
It grazes an oak, and with glancing stroke,
Deep in a satyr's shoulder launches.

3.

Out he rushes, with anguish stung,
Aghast she flies in a shuddering shiver,
And as nearer he gets, away are flung
Her arrows and spear, her bow and quiver, —
But see ! as they close, from his arms she flows,
By Neptune changed to a running river.

Amarynthus. O vision beautiful, and vocalist
Melodious, who and what art thou ?

Theucarila. Hist !
Question her not — 'tis the wild Delphic girl,
Ænone.

Ænone. Me ? I am a prophetess,
And come to seek thee that I might unfurl
Thy book of fate.

Amarynthus. Couldst thou the future show,
'Twould chace a maddening doubt that doth possess
My soul.

Theucarila. Nay, brother, let her go ;
She's wild and wandering.

Ænone.

Thou may'st believe

I am no vulgar witch, with shears and sieve,

Poppy and orpine leaf, or sinister

Forebodings from the course of crows or hares.

Nor do I owe my mystery to her

Who reigns in Hell, three-faced Hecate !

Who in her cauldron black prepares

The charms and magic ministry

By midnight Perimeda learnt,

When salt is strew'd, and laurel burnt,

And melted wax and bones are mix'd,

Where the whizzing wheel of brass is fix'd.

Amarynthus. Whence, then, mellifluous maiden,
comes thy lore?

Ænone. From listening to the elemental noises,
And Nature's various voices,

Until I learnt their language to explore.

For frugal Nature wastes no breath ; her tongue

In every sound of every element,

Conveys her orders that this world, uphung

In air, may float majestically on

To calm eternity. Th' infolded spheres
Are music guided through the firmament,
Though our degenerate ears
No longer catch their glorious echoes. Gone —
Gone are the days of prophecy,
When bards could listen to the sky,
And from the planetary harmonies
Learn the dread secrets of the future. These
Are dumb; — but we have sounds as mystical,
Ay, and I know them all — all — all!
What! think'st thou that the whistling wind
Pipes in the storm for nothing? Idle notion!
'Tis to call up the howling waves, confin'd
In the sea's depths. No wave of ocean
That, in the solitudes of space,
Upturns its foamy face
Unto the moon, and, with a gushing sigh,
Sinks down again to die;
But is commission'd, and that parting breath,
Perhaps, a fiat bears of life and death.

Why do the runnels urge their races
Through the earth's crevices and secret places?
But that their tongues with nimble guggles
May scatter orders as they flow,
And summon from the caves below,
Agents for the earthquake's struggles.

When on the ground I lay mine ear,
I hear their secret plots
Come murm'ring up from the central grots; —
Hark! 'tis the nightingale — how loud and clear!
Tune up, ye feather'd choristers, your throats,
For unto me your melody
Conveys a hidden sense in all its notes;
Such as, in mystic days of yore,
To sage Melampus' ear they bore.
Ay; but the master mystery
Remains untold. Come hither — hark! prepare;
For I must whisper this. — Is no one by?

Amarynthus. We are alone.

Ænone.

'Tis well; but have a care!

Thou'lt not divulge?

Amarynthus. By the Twin Gods, not I!

Theucarila. Thy secret is with me in holy
keeping.

Cenone. At nightfall, in those wild, sequester'd
lawns,

Which, even the nymphs and fawns
Have fled — from out the herbage sleeping,
And flowers up-closing,
Sometimes a hushing murmur rises,
As if the earth were whisp'ring to the air.
It is the voice of Nature, as reposing,
She communes with herself in deep surmises. —
Mysterious mutterings! — but not to me :
I can explain each accent as it rolls ;
And thus have I a master key,
Into her soul of souls.

Amarynthus. Thou call'st to mind that I have
often stray'd,
At dumbest midnight, to the green-wood glade,
And in the silence, mark'd with awe profound,
The boughs, like curtains, hanging stilly round,

With drowsy vapours from the earth up-wreathing,
As if the grass lay fast asleep, and breathing.
But hast thou heard a whisper to affect
Me?

Ænone. Not reveal'd by oracle direct;
But as I walk'd one night amid the oats,
That rattled as the wind swept by,
I question'd them of thee; and from their notes
Gather'd this augury:—

“ From fancied visions he shall be

“ Reliev'd by their reality.”

Theucarila. Thy prophecy's obscure.

Amarynthus. Nymph, thou hast utter'd
More riddles than the Sphinx! — Canst thou not
spell

My fate more clearly?

Ænone. It was darkly mutter'd
To me, and I have told thee all. Farewell!

Hark! what a roar

Over hill and dale resounds;

It is Orion with his hounds,
Baying the boar.

Yo ho ! yo ho ! where is the foe ?

Stand by, he shall die at a single blow. [*Exit.*

Amarynthus. Like a young stag she bounds
into the dell :

Who is this crazy prophetess ? Can'st tell
Her story ?

Theucarila. They say she was a chorister
At Delphi, in Apollo's temple. Love,
There a forbidden inmate, was to her
An inauspicious visitant : her lover,
Himself a votary of the God, was keeper
Of the holy chalices. The Muse's grove,
More than half up Parnassus, rustles over
A grotto, from whose marble floor up-flung,
The fountain of Castalia gushes ; deeper
Within its rocky arch, a golden lyre,
The gift of the Arcadians, is hung.
Thither the lovers would at dark retire,

And sat one night within the silent cell
Fondling, while the full moon arose and flung
Her rays into the cave, until they fell
Upon the lyre : when lo ! two lovely arms
Advancing on the moonlight, swept the strings,
And, while a wondrous melody alarms
Their ears, a voice of heavenly sweetness sings,
Announcing deep yet dulcet threatenings,
Unless, thenceforth, they were for ever parted.

Some will assert that Dian's self out-darted
Her alabaster arms to strike the chord ;
While others think it was the temple's lord,
Apollo, shock'd to see his cave profan'd,
That sent this vision to forewarn them. Shrieking,
Ænone fled her lover ; nor remain'd
Longer at Delphi, but bewilder'd, craz'd,
Roams o'er the Grecian territory, seeking
All rites, solemnities, and festivals,
Where she may exercise her choral art ;
And chaunting to the villagers, amaz'd,

Snatches of songs, heroic madrigals,
And tales of the olden time. Her chosen sphere,
As thou hast witnessed, is to act the part
Of prophetess.

Amarynthus. What fancy brought her here?

Theucarila. Pan's festival, at which she means
to sing.

But the time presses — I must haste to bring
Water from the holy well for our lustrations. [*Exit.*

Amarynthus. And I to indulge my lonely meditations.

What sound was that? Methought the river
groan'd!

Thou murmuring Peneus! dost thou mourn thy
daughter,

Daphne, who demurely straying
Amid these stately lawns and green alcoves,
Met the flush'd Apollo playing
Upon his golden lyre, and thro' the groves
Fled wildly to thy parent water?

Upon her neck, parting her streaming hair
She felt the God's ambrosial breath,
When Dian heard her prayer,
In an embalming laurel caught her,
And bark'd her round with chastity and death.
A chaplet of these hallow'd leaves shall bind
My brows — but hold ! perchance this very tree,
Throwing its filial arms athwart the stream,
Was Daphne once, and felt its plastic rind
Heave with her panting breast. And see !
The waters with paternal fondness seem
To kiss its root, and struggle to embrace
Its pendent boughs. O virgin ! sacrifice,
May all the precincts of thy leafy shrine
Be sanctified, and round about the place
White amaranths and roses white entwine
With stainless lilies. Those mysterious sighs
Are hush'd, but still I'll roam amid the trees,
Abandon'd to my wildering reveries. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*A Grove.*CELADON *alone.*

What Nymph is this whose stately steps advance
Along these mossy paths? Theucarila!
O happy hour! I have long loved this proud
Pretender to cold chastity : perchance
In this sequester'd solitude she may
Atone for Amarillis' scorn.

(*To Theucarila, entering.*) A crowd
Of pleasing fancies whisper'd me, that beauty
Was hovering hereabout. What happy want
Leads thee to these embower'd depths?

Theucarila. My duty,
To gather water from the holy well
For our solemnities.

Celadon. Wilt thou not grant,
Lovely Theucarila, thine ear awhile,

To one whose thoughts have never ceased to dwell
Upon thy beauties ?

Theucarila. Me wouldst thou beguile
With flatteries ? Be quick if thou hast aught
To say.

Celadon. I am no rustic unimbued,
Poor, and illiterate, such as this glen
Produces. I am an Athenian ; taught
In groves of Academus, and have stood
Under those porticoes where mighty men,
Plato and Socrates, instill'd sublime
Philosophy. I have sat in theatres
Adorn'd by Phidias, plann'd by Pericles ;
And heard, with beating heart, the harrowing rhyme
Of Eschylus and dread Euripides.
At the Symposium which Xenophon
Gave on the triumph of Autolycus,
I was a guest, and sat by Socrates.

Theucarila. What is it that this lofty boast infers,
Since I came not your merits to discuss ?

Celadon. That I am worthy to be lov'd, nor
lack

Talent to show that sullen chastity
Is impious, and ingratitude most black
To the kind lessons of the earth and sky.
Love governs earth and air; the flocks and
herds

Join to the twitter of the billing birds
Their hymeneal cries. Love's suit
Even the dumb inanimates pursue.
The ivy clasps the oak, the vine the elm,
Pouting her purple lips to kiss his root.
By touch of blossom'd mouths the flowers renew
Their races odorous. This woody realm
Is Cupid's bower; see how the trees enwreathe
Their arms in amorous embraces twined !
The gugglings of the rill that runs beneath,
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind ;
While softly sighing thro' these fond retreats,
The wanton wind woos every thing it meets.

Theucarila. Let the beasts minister to appetite :
What can their wildness move
In beings loftier ? Construed aright,
Nature cries out against licentious love,
To the perversions of thy wanton eye
Opposing lessons of cold chastity.
To toy with Zephyrus wild roses peep
Forth from their hedges ; but when he assails
Their lips too rudely, back they creep,
Blushing, and drop their leafy veils.
The timid rill that steals
To meet the smiles of Titan, when she feels
His burning mouth upon her cheek,
Back to her fountain shrinks, panting for breath.
The lily bares her bosom to the dew,
Pure as itself ; but should a spoiler seek
To pluck it from the peace in which it grew,
Bursts into tears and quickly pines to death.
Amid the sighing reeds does Syrinx still
Shiver in cold repugnancy to Pan :

Here in this very vale did Daphne fill
Apollo's arms with laurels as he ran ;
And yonder from the skies did Dian smile
Chastely upon their rooted chastity.

Celadon. Yet she herself used many a wanton
wile

With Pan and pale Eudymion.

Theucarila.

Tho' the sky

And earth should league their blazonry of shame,
Within myself a vestal spirit dwells
On my heart's altar to preserve the flame
Of quenchless chastity. My bosom swells
Proud of its champion, planted there by Pan,
Not as a guard alone from lawless man,
But every foe of earth or Erebus.
Pure thoughts and holy, round about her clinging,
To the chaste virgin shall be tutelary.
By caverns should she pass, where glaring eyes
Tell quicker than their cries,
That ravenous beasts upon her path are springing,

Or tread the forest's wine-soak'd turf, where hairy
Satyrs, abandon'd bacchanals, and fauns,
Hold the night orgies of Cotytto lewd,
Safe should she pass as tho' she paced the
 lawns

Of Dian's Ephesus in solitude.

Harpies may hover round, and Syrens hymn
Seductive warblings from enchanted coasts,
The grisly troops of Tartarus the grim,
Gorgons, chimæras, goblins, imps, and ghosts,
Her footsteps may beleaguer ; philter and spell,
And all the abomination
Of magic charms and incantation,
Tho' breath'd by Circe or Medea fell,
Shall harm her not. Strait forward shall she keep
Her unpolluted way, for chastity,
Merely by that omnipotence that lies
In her own innocent eyes,
The rampant rout shall quell,
Marching before, her awful centinel.

Celadon. Invisible champion, draw thy doughty
sword,

For thus I seize thy charge.

Theucarila. Rash profligate,

What seek'st thou by this rude encountering?

Celadon. Where is the blazing brand to vindicate
Thy lips from shame?

Theucarila. A graver need shall bring

Its aid invoked; mine eye alone can now,

By its fierce lightning, paralise thine arm.

Celadon. Above that eye I see an arched
brow,

The bow of Cupid; but the darts that swarm

Within its arc attract me, not repel.

Thy looks re-kindle what thy words would quell:

Miscalculating scorner, is it thy plan

To stab my love to death with Cupid's dart?

Trifle no more, for guarded as thou art,

Force shall allay thy pride.

Theucarila.

Help ! help ! O Pan !

[A Troop of Nymphs, Satyrs, and Fauns, rush in, and dance around her, singing in chorus.

Quick o'er the sod,
At the name of our God,
Hither we bound,
And his priestess surround :
Hail ! hail ! hail !

We'll guard our queen,
Thro' these alleys green,
Till the waters we bring
From the sacred spring :
Hail ! hail ! hail !

[They go out dancing round THEUCARILA.
CELADON, who had withdrawn, comes forward.

Celadon. Again disdain'd, and cheated of my
prize !

By Rhadamanthus and the dog of hell,
I will not slake my thirst till I devise
Revenge most ruinous. O for some fell
Design that may at once the peace betray
Of Amarillis and Theucarila! [Exit.

SCENE V.

Part of the Champaign of Thessaly.

AMARILLIS and PHŒBIDAS, meeting.

Amarillis. O long lost Phœbidas! first let me
praise

Pan, that I see you safe, then tell me where,
Where have you been these ten long lingering days?
How have I grieved for you, — o'er down and dale
How have I roam'd about, making the air
Echo your name, even from the windy height
That overlooks the blue Thermaic bay,
Down to the flowery bottoms, where regale
The flocks of Thestalus.

Phœbidas. Do you delight
To banter still, or may I trust you?

Amarillis. Nay,
I only trifled with you, Phœbidas,
When I was happy by your side. Ten days
Of absence have quite alter'd me. Alas!
I scarce have slept or smiled since last we parted
Down by the fount of Hæmon, when, with praise
Of my rude charms, you kiss'd me, and agreed
Next morn to meet me by the orchard-gate
Of old Damætas. Almost broken hearted,
Day after day, did I your coming wait,
And sang the song you lov'd; and on my reed
Whistled to rouse your Lightfoot's well known bark,
Which oft hath led me to your pasturage.
But neither might I hear his voice, nor mark
His white side bounding o'er the waving grass,
Like a sail toss'd on Neptune's tumbling green.
How listless then I stray'd! Naught could engage
My vagrant heedlessness. My sheep, alas

Were left to wander on the tawny slopes
Of sun-burnt hills, or scramble crags unseen,
Whence one poor lamb fell headlong down and died.
Sometimes I sat apart, and fondly sigh'd
Over the crook you made me, till my tears
Fell fast upon your name, for all my hopes
Of life seem'd lost, and yet I know not why.

My mother, too, kept harping in mine ears,
“How dull thou art — what makes thy cheeks so
pale ?

Dost thou use Thapsus ?” — Tears were my sole
reply ;

And yet what cause had I to weep ?

Phœbidas.

Your tale,

Dear Amarillis, lets the secret out.

It says, nay do not blush, it says you love me :

And to deny it longer were to flout

Profanely Cupid's power.

Amarillis.

O don't reprove me.

Lend me your hand — feel how my heart is beating,

Nor has it ceas'd to throb this gladsome peal
From the first moment of our happy meeting.

Phæbidas. Another proof of what you would
conceal.

Amarillis. Venus forbid that I should slight
her power!

If this be love, indeed, then from this hour
With all the fondness that may best adorn
A modest maid, to thee I pledge my love.

Phæbidas. And I, dear Amarillis, by this kiss
Confirm the vows I have already sworn ;
And ratify by this embrace, and this,
Our plighted constancy.

Amarillis. Nay, nay, remove
Your lips too eager, and the tale repeat
Of your strange absence. Help me drive my sheep
Under yon Lentisck hedge, while you and I
Beneath these shady pines can take our seat.

Phæbidas. Here is no turf, and all is rough
and deep

With scatter'd cones that will not let us lie ;
But yonder is a green, and gentle knoll,
Purfled with daisies, yellowcups, and thyme,
And canopied by an o'erhanging copse.
There, while your flock the flowery herbage crops,
And underneath the boughs my cattle stroll,
Browsing the tender leaves, we will recline,
On the gay landscape gazing till it fades
In the blue distance.

Amarillis. Gather up your kine ;

For see, my sheep have sought the hazel shades.

Phæbidas. Upon this primrose bank I'll sit.

Amarillis. And here

Beside you will I listen to your tale.

Phæbidas. When last we parted, *Amarillis* dear,
You know I was a goat-herd in the vale
Of Hæmont, ending churlish *Cymon's* flocks.
There is a sloping field above the rocks
Of Homole, where in luxuriance grow
Wild honeysuckles and cyperus low,

Which goats delight to browse; there mine I drove,
And sat and piped beneath an almond tree,
Or caroll'd old bucolic songs of love,
Till gazing on a distant sail at sea,
I thought upon the shepherds of the deep,
Who plough the wave, and sometimes only reap
The wind. Far happier is the goat-herd's lot,
Said I, and I far happiest of the clan,
Could but my Amarillis share my cot;
And then I gather'd rushes, and began
To weave a garland for you, intertwined
With violets, hepaticas, primroses,
And coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.
Meanwhile my dog ——

Amarillis.

Stop, Phœbidas, for lo !

Yon cow has wander'd, and on Milo's lands
His olives crops.

Phœbidas. Off, Whiteface ! down below,

To the shady glen where yon black heifer stands,

Whisking the flies off in the rushy brook.

Ill luck betide the beast, she will not hear !

O for a stone to throw ! Lend me your crook, —

If I get near her she shall feel my blow.

Amarillis. O hurt her not, poor beast, nor go
too near,

Lest she should gore thee : — recollect the woes

That Venus proved for her Adonis dear,

And think of me. See, see, the wanderer goes

Back to the herd, so, Phœbidas, sit here

Close by my side, and let me hear the rest.

Phœbidas. Where was I, *Amarillis* ?

Amarillis. You were saying

About your dog.—

Phœbidas. Ay ; he with heat oppress'd

Lay fast asleep, by starts and growls betraying

That he was dreaming like his master. I

Dreaming of thee, in reverie profound,

My flowery garland wove, smiling to hear

The cuckoo's note which on the breeze swept by,

And then was lost again, when oh, sad sound !

The cough of Cymon grated on mine ear ;

And soon I saw him hobbling up the rock,

Rage in his face, and curses on his lip.

Alack ! no wonder ; for my truant flock

Had climb'd the fence where his young vines were
growing,

And nibbled every green and tender tip ;

The while, unseen, a fox had seiz'd my srip,

And left me dinnerless. His staff first throwing,

He smote poor Lightfoot, who, with howling snarl,

Limp'd home, and cannot walk even now. On me

Next burst his wrath. — “ A murrain seize thee,
Carl,”

He fiercely growl'd, — “ May Bacchus' tygers tear
thee,

“ For these torn vines ! may midnight satyrs scare
“ thee !

“ May ravens ever croak their augury

“ In thy left ear ! and may Pandora spare thee

“ Her box to be thy scrip ! — Home, lazy loon !
“ Home to the farm, while I collect your goats !
“ Oaf ! sluggard ! idiot ! dolt ! ” — Such was the
tune

The wind blew after me in growling notes,
As home I trudg'd : yet all my thoughts were still
So fix'd on thee, that, through the field of oats,
Beyond the farm, and half way up the hill,
I stray'd, without discovering where I was.

Amarillis. Most sorry am I, gentle Phœbidas,
That thought of me should ever work thee woe :
Indeed, I would not harm thee : Pan forbid !
No, not for all the brindled cows that low
In Thessaly. Still, truant, thou hast hid
The secret of thy absence.

Phœbidas. By the stream
Of Gonnus Cymon's oil-mill stands.
There was I set to work, and coarsely fed,
And every night lock'd closely up, to dream
Of thee and love ; again with weary hands

Next morn to ply the wheel, till ten days fled,
When Cymon thus address'd me with a frown :—
“ Well, sluggard, wilt thou leave my goats again
“ To browse my vines? but I'll not trust thee,
“ clown,
“ Except with cows and heifers! hie with these
“ Down to the meadows; not the sunny plain,
“ But where the grass is green with shady trees,
“ And brooks stand ready for the kine to quaff.
“ And hark ye, sirrah! if I find thee out
“ Milking the cows,” — (and then he shook his
staff,)
“ I'll lay my trusty cudgel so about
“ Thy shoulders, that I'll paint them black and
“ blue,
“ Tho' they were hard as Pelops'!” — I withdrew,
And as I drove afield my lowing herd,
I sneez'd, and felt my right ear itch. — Good luck!
Good luck! cried I, and scarce had said the word,
When thro' the tamarisks your figure struck

And blooming shepherdess, nor she refuse
To love me better for my sufferings past.

Amarillis. Fie, Phœbidas! thou shall not bear
a blow,

No, not an angry word, nor even a frown
For me. — I have a teeming goat, who tho'
She feeds two kids, yet never fails to crown
With cream two bowls a day, and mother vow'd
That when our next year's hymn to Pan was sung,
Our old cow, Phillis, should belong to me. —

Phœbidas. Yon heifer's somewhat meagre, that's
allow'd,

But she is mine, my twelvemonth's wages wrung
From thrifty Cymon; — these in part would be
Stock for our farm. Four pails I have already,
Of cypress, carved with ivy round the rim,
And helichryse. — At once, then, let us marry; —
Tho' young, dear Amarillis, I am steady,
Of frugal habit, and athletic limb :

You are the same. — O why should lovers tarry
For richer store, when love itself is wealth?

Amarillis. Indeed I would be thine—but not by
stealth;

My kind old mother first must give consent.
Home with my flock I'll hurry to implore
Her guidance, and may Venus bless the event! —
In the heat of noon, when shadows of the sheep
Fall all beneath them, when green lizards bask
On sunny banks, and birds no longer soar
In the fiery sky, gather thy herd, and sleep
Beneath the shade, first quaffing from thy flask
A health to me. — Remember, and farewell!

Phœbidas. 'Twill make my homely drink seem
muscadel. —

But where to meet again?

Amarillis. Thou wilt not fail
When from the watering thou drivest home
Thy herd, to meet me at Pan's festival.

Phæbidas. I will be there tho' crusty Cymon
rail

Like Boreas; but settle where thou'lt roam
To-morrow, lest some other chance befall
To interrupt our meeting. —

Amarillis. In the grove
Of almonds, near the mill, there is a dell,
Where scattered blossoms wing each blade of grass
With fluttering purple — there my flock shall rove
And wait thy coming.

Phæbidas. Well I know the pass
That leads into that flowery dingle. — Stay,
One kiss before we part.

Amarillis. There, there, away!
May Pan be with thee, and thy footsteps bless!

Phæbidas. All thanks and love, most gentle
shepherdess.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*The Vale of Tempe.*CELADON *alone.*

THIS Amarillis, tho' a rustic maid,
Still haunts me strangely. — She is plump and fresh
As a young Dryad born amid the shade,
And rock'd to sleep on boughs, upon whose flesh
The sun has never play'd.
My plot is well devised: if what is done
Succeed, 'twill humble these proud nymphs,—per-
chance

Subdue them to my wishes.

Amarynthus (entering).

Celadon,

Can'st tell me, is Pan's festival concluded?

Celadon. I saw it close even now.

Amarynthus. Thy countenance
Speaks of good sport.

Celadon. Unless I am deluded,
My sport is all to come; but there has been
Good pastime since, for as I left the scene,
And hither wending cross'd the rushy brook
That huddles thro' yon yellow lea,
The roguish black-eyed Rhodopé
Popp'd form a myrtle bush her head, and shook
Her tawny ringlets o'er her sun-burnt cheek,
Like a brown bunch of filberds, ripe and blushing;
And, tittering, show'd her teeth more white and
sleek
Than the nut's core.—Aside the branches pushing,
I gathered from her luscious lips the fruit,
Plucking up scores of kisses by the root;
Nor freed the ruddy rustic from my arms,
Till passengers approached. — Where the leaves
shed,
In our rude sport make an inspiring bed,

Wearied, and flushed, and dreaming still of mirth,
Asleep she lies in all her mellow charms,
Like an o'er-ripe pomegranate dropp'd to earth. —
Say with what freaks dost thou amuse thy leisure?

Amarynthus. The season is a flowing fount of
pleasure. —

O how delightful is the jolly spring,
When the warm blood leaps nimbly thro' the veins
And with the budding forth and blossoming
Of fields and groves, methinks the soul attains
Fresh life and greenness, wantons in the breeze,
Sings with the birds, and with the waving trees
Dances in unison. — The spring time gushes
In us as in the lusty grass and bushes,
And the same hand that o'er the meadow showers
King-cups and daisies, daffodils and pansies,
Garlands the human heart with all the flowers
Of love, hope, rapture, and poetic fancies.
If, when all nature feels this pregnant thrilling,
To its delicious promptings thou art mute,

Be sure that age begins with touches chilling
To freeze thy sap, and wither up thy root.

Celadon. By Phosphor's eye! thou art an alter'd man!

What hast thou seen in Tempe that excites
Such rustic rant in an Athenian?

Amarynthus. This magic valley teems with
strange delights,

And sweet enchantments: 'tis the haunt of Pan.

Sounds more than human, and celestial sights,

And perfumes that o'ercome the sense of man,

Float wildly all about. — At times mine ear

Catches the sylvan god's ecstatic pipe,

Trilling a melody so sad and drear

For Syrinx' loss, that I am forced to wipe

Mine eyes ere I can look around to spy

Whence it proceeds; but, like the cuckoo's song,

'Tis ever distant, and its source unseen.

Celadon. How know you then that it was Pan
you heard?

Amarynthus. I felt it was. Could nature's self
be wrong,

Which, ever as this sweet lament occur'd,
Would droop and wear a sympathising mien?
The zephyrs closed their wings, or only stirr'd
To heave a sigh; the goats, and herds, and flocks,
On all the fields and rocks,
Ceased browsing, and upturned their anxious eyes,
With awful looks. Methought the very trees
Stood sorrow-struck, with pendent boughs, like ears,
List'ning the dirge. Yet with what ease
His charming pipe, when happier moods arise,
In voluble and jocund rhapsodies
Can madden into mirth whoever hears.

O what a merry, merry peal
Then will his glib and dulcet reed
Lavish in many a liquid reel,
While Echo with a rival speed
Upon the hill-tops dancing strains her throat
To double each reverberating note!

Then Nature laughs outright ; the wild flowers
fling

Their incense up ; the cattle leap for glee ;
The jocund trees their branches toss on high
As if they clapp'd their hands ; the cloudless sky
Smiles on the smiling earth, and every thing
Makes holiday and pranksome jubilee.

Celadon. This is Imagination's fashioning.

Amarynthus. And sometimes in the breathless
dead of night,

When Phœbe, like Narcissus, seems to look
Enamour'd on her picture in the brook,
And the hush'd valley sleeps in silver light,
Bursts on a sudden the resounding glee
Of revellers and rustic minstrelsy,
Oaten reeds and flageolets,
Timbrels, pipes, and taborets,
Which in cadence seem to beat
To the sound of dancing feet,

Mixt with laughter and the noise
Of Satyrs, Nymphs, and Sylvan boys,
Holding the court of Pan in all
The glee of gambols pastoral ; —
But when chanticleer's shrill cries
Summon morning to arise,
Suddenly all is hush'd, and the wide vale
In silence sleeps profoundly.

Celadon.

Fitting tale

For dreamer's ears, for such strange melody
Hath many a shepherd conjured in his dreams,
Attributing to Pan the minstrelsy
That lull'd him in the summer shade to sleep.
The hum of bees, the guggling of the streams,
The song of birds, the tinkling bells of sheep,
The rustling branches play'd on by the wind,
The ploughman's whistle, and the goat-herd's pipe,
With lowing herds and bleating flocks combined,
These hath your fancy, fond, and over-ripe,

Tuned into choristers of Pan. The beat
Of hoofs, when cattle gambol on the sod,
Becomes the sound of nymphs' and satyrs' feet
Jocundly dancing round the Doric god.
Such are your day-dreams, such the visions are,
That night embodies.

Amarynthus. Yester break of day,
What time the glow-worm's lamp was quench'd in
dew,
And Lucifer, the last surviving star,
Seem'd with the whitening moon to stand at bay
Against the darts of morn, I chanced to stray
In the cool misty dawning through a grove,
Within whose leafiness I found
A wild fantastic lawn pavilion'd round
With flowers and shrubs, whose branches interwove
A fragrant fence of blossoms. On the grass,
Silver'd with dew, were prints of many feet,
Where the night dancers had impress'd the mead;
A goat-skin sandal, too, emboss'd with brass,

A wreath of pine leaves, and a tambourine,
Lay on the turf beside an oaten reed,
Left by the Sylvans in their quick retreat.
Were these, too, visions, dreams?

Celadon. Some rustic revel
Had been dispersed, and these the relics left.
Imaginations such as thine will level
All objects to one view, and that mistaken.
Visions for thee! thank Jove I am bereft
Of fancy, and realities pursue.
Dreamer! I know thou'dst rather be forsaken
By such a man of fact; and so, adieu!
I'll hie to watch the workings of my plot. [*Exit.*

Amaryn. (*after a pause.*) What is the nature of
man's soul, and what
Its final fate? That's the oppressive doubt
That eats into my brain, and seems to gnaw
E'en my heart's core. I shall go mad without
Some revelation of this hidden law.
Ye elements of whom

This body is compounded, and from whose
Mysterious mixture springs the subtle soul,
Reveal to me its nature and its doom.
When did my sympathising sense refuse
To bow to your controul,
Or vibrate to your smallest impulses?
Is there a sight of earth, a watery sound,
A touch of zephyr, or a sunny ray,
That does not waken its affinities,
Cooped in this tegument of clay,
And make them yearn to burst their narrow bound?
Since then my soul rejoices,
To listen to your voices,
And to your lowest whisper gives reply;
Ye parent elements! list now to me:
O hear my solemn cry,
And let a tongue be found to fling,
Shouting from fire, earth, air, or sea,
Answers to my most resolute questioning.
Hark! Hark! a voice!

ÆNONE *sings without.*

Apollo was tending Admetus's sheep,
With his seven-reed pipe, and his wild olive crook,
When weary with watching he fell fast asleep,
And the wondering nymphs gather'd round him
to look

On the placid grace,
Of his heavenly face,

And his locks that around him a lustre shook.

ÆNONE *enters.*

Amaryn. O bitter disappointment! 'tis Ænone.
Fair oracle, how ran thy prophecy?

“ From fancied visions he shall be

“ Relieved by their reality.”

It is not yet accomplish'd.

Ænone.

Time will show

All things, — calmly await thy destiny.

Amarynthus. O Panomphæan Jove ! help me to
pierce

This only secret. Draw the curtain up
That hides futurity, or tear it down,
I care not which, so thou canst ease these fierce
Questionings of my spirit. —

O thou most beautiful pageant of the world,
O glorious sun and moon, sea, earth, and sky,
Shall I plod blindly on through life's worn maze,
Nor ask by whom your wonders were unfurled ?
Sun ! shall I fix on thee my dying eye,
Nor e'er have learnt who set thee in a blaze ?
Earth ! shall I tread upon thee but to be
Down trodden, and partake man's grovelling doom,
Earth-born, earth-swallowed, — eating, — eaten,
— dust !

O let me leap alive into my tomb,
If there the secret is reveal'd to us,
For all our human fables I distrust.
Cœlus, and Ops, and Terra are to me

No vouchers for the past, nor Tartarus
And Hades for futurity.

ÆNONE *sings.*

So he dug a hole in the earth we're told,
And utter'd his secret, and filled in the mould,
But the reeds that shot,
From that tell-tale spot,
Whispered the wind, and the world soon hears
That great King Midas has ass's ears. *[Exit.*

Amarynthus. Poor crazy babbler ! yet from lips
like these,
Deep hints will sometimes drop : — whisper'd the
earth ?
Perhaps among earth's buried mysteries
This secret sleeps
In her silent deeps,
And, when invoked, her lips may give it birth.

O mother Earth, thou grave, most dread and dumb,
Of countless races of mysterious man,
With all his hopes and fears since time began ;
Thou cradle of eternity to come,
With all its world of wonders undivulged,
Thee I invoke !
Thee by the myriad embryos that reside
In thy vast bosom waiting animation,
With future fruits and harvests by their side,
Food of a yet unorganis'd creation :
Thee by the acorn, which a breath may blow
From its carved cup upon thy nursing lap,
Rock'd by the breath of ages, till it grow
A rooted giant, frowning at the blast,
And shake not at the roaring thunder-clap :
Thee by the trembling violet, which eyes
The sun but once, and unrepining dies :
Thee by that sun, whose eye, as bright as ever,
Saw thee upheave from chaos, and shall burn

Undimmed when all thy teguments shall sever,
And to their primal elements return.

By all the winds that rustle in thy woods
To chime of piping beaks and bleating sheep ;
By the dead silence of thy solitudes,
And the unwhispered secrets of the deep ;
Thee I invoke !

By the delicious summer evenings
Diffusing peace o'er all thy green expanse ;
By th' earthquake's rumbling agony that flings
Horror on every living countenance,
And makes the teeth of buried kings
Chatter beneath their granite pyramids ;
Earth, I invoke thee ! —

All, all is hush'd ; — no whisper, — no reply, —
I shall go mad with eager agony.

[*Runs out.*

SCENE II.

Interior of a Forest.

URANIA, DRYOPE.

Dryope. My dainty spirit, whither hast thou
wandered? —

Here in the green shade have I sat and pondered
Upon thy flight, looking with eyes that glisten'd
Heavenward, to trace thy shadowy career,
Or with unbreathing mouth have listen'd
The flutter of thy wings to hear.

What mean those playful smiles and smother'd
titters,

And that tiara in thy hand that glitters?

Urania. When Orpheus in the frantic brawls
Of the Ciconian bacchanals
Was slain, and cast on Hebrus' wave,
Reading your thoughts I sped to save
His magic lyre, Apollo's gift,

Which from the river's golden sands
I pluck'd, and ere you guess'd my drift,
Laid it upon your thrilling hands.—
With this as late I roam'd the air,
Waking its silver sweetness rare,
I perch'd upon the midway ledge
Of a vast cliff, whose toppling edge
Awes th' Ægean brine, and there,
On a green slope of samphire laid,
So ravishing a strain I play'd,
That the gruff winds and rattling shore
In breathless wonder ceased their roar.
When, lo ! from out the silent main
O what a noble pageant sprung !
Amphitrite fair and young,
Prank'd in full pride, with all her train
Of Tritons, sea-gods, and the sleek
Nereides of peachy cheek,
All paragons except when seen
Beside their all-eclipsing queen.

She on a silvery car on high
Sate like a goddess, awefully.
Her arm of alabaster whiteness,
Lovely and round, with graceful lightness
A sceptre poised;—her blue-vein'd foot,
Whose sandal flamed with rubies, fell
On the car's front of curling shell,
And thus, while all her train were mute,
Her swan-like neck, with smiles of pleasure,
She bent, to listen to my measure.
Then in the stillness might I hear
A whisper breath'd in Glaucus' ear,
To bind me with a braid of flowers,
And bear me to her coral bowers.
Ere the god had left her car,
Down darting like a shooting star,
From her odorous glossy head,
With shells and sea-flowers garlanded,
I twitch'd this crown of lucid spar.
Crimson'd were her cheeks with ire,

And her blue eyes sparkled fire,
While the sea stood shuddering,
As I fled on arrowy wing,
And many a furious blast was torn
From conch, and shell, and twisted horn,
With shrieks, and shoutings, and the lashing
Of the whole train's tumultuous dashing;
But in a second, high careering,
I was out of sight and hearing.
Ere a grasshopper could jump
An ant-hill or a daisy clump,
Over meadow, moor, and mountain,
Forest, river, lake, and fountain,
At a bound I took my flight,
Flitting like a flash of light,
And here upon my bended knee,
Present the starry gem to thee,
My honor'd queen and deity.

Dryope. My tricksome spirit, arch and debonnaire,

Who in your native winds delight to gambol,
Thanks for your sparkling bauble, but beware
Lest in your truant wantonness you ramble
Beyond earth's verge. Fain would I have a string
To hold thee flying, like a favorite sparrow,
And pluck thee back at will.

Urania.

Alas! my wing

Is tied already to these confines narrow;
'Tis earthly now, and if I strove to fly
Up to those altitudes where spirits revel,
With pinion clogg'd, like Icarus, should I
Tumble again to earth's degrading level. —
When this terrestrial fetter is no more,
Your denser air cannot contain my lightness,
But like an exhalation I shall soar
Into the purity of blue and brightness.
Soon may it be!

Dryope.

And hast thou twitch'd this jewel

That I might set thee free?

Urania.

O nymph of earth!

Thou canst not free me from this bondage cruel,
Till thou hast loved a form of mortal birth.

Dryope. What ! I, a daughter of the woods,
caress

A vase of painted clay, to-morrow's dust,
And lips of everlasting rose impress
Upon the mouldering red that quickly must,
Take kisses from the worm ? — If this must be
Ere thou art free,
Thine is a long captivity.

Urania. Yet I, a ranger of the firmament,
Born of the air, and dieted with light, —
Yes, I, no longer with celestials winging
The wilds of space, my foot to earth could stoop,
And love a wood-god.

Dryope. Say, enamoured, say
How chanced this luckless flame.

Urania. O bitter story !
And yet delightful too. What raptures troop
To every pulse as I recall the day.

List to my shame — self slanderer ! — to my glory.
While floating near the earth a sound ascended
From the green heart of rustic Arcady,
Voices of fauns and satyrs, blended
With horns, and shouts of revelry.
With bugles resounding,
Thro' woodlands surrounding,
Hunting the roebuck the sylvans were bounding,
While echo on high,
Gave reply to the cry,
As if she were chacing a stag thro' the sky.
Where thro' the wood of Venus flows
The river Ladon I descended,
But now the chace was ended,
And all around me was a sweet repose.
Thro' an arcade of boughs I glided,
And that delicious margin traced,
Until the gentle waves divided,
Where in the midst an island placed,

Heaved its green bosom to the breeze,
Beneath a wilderness of trees.
Pine, cedar, chesnut gave on high,
Thro' giant arms a snatch of sky,
While quivering in mid air were seen
Larch, aspen, ash, acacia bright,
Like floating clouds of vivid green,
Tipp'd with laburnum's sunny light.
Beneath them was a blooming bower
Of laurel, myrtle, arbutus,
Wreath'd with each wild and odorous flower
That perfumes Arcady.

Dryope. What made you thus
Minutely mark that nest of loveliness?

Urania. At first I saw no loveliness but one:
But I have ever since at fall of even
Haunted the spot, and with my song
Have lullabied to sleep the setting sun,
Till on my heart is stamped that leafy heaven.

Dryope. Child of the clouds pursue thy tale :

I long

To hear its sequel.

Urania.

Underneath the cope

Of that seclusion deep,

Tired with the chace, upon a mossy slope,

Lay Faunus fast asleep !

Upon his out-stretched arm, whose hand

Loosely touch'd his cornel spear,

His cheek was pillow'd, flush'd, and tann'd

With sports of sylvan cheer.

His graceful neck adown

Hung grape-like clusters of the darkest locks,

While some upon his shoulder brown,

(But smooth as Pelops') by the wind were blown.

Dream of his form, for portraiture it mocks.

O never did the elements combine

An adolescence so divine.

Thus in the exquisite glory

Of nature's manly spring,

Warm'd with autumnal coloring,
He lay on that embower'd promontory.

Dryope. Thy sparkling eyes and kindling cheek,
More eloquently than thy language speak.

Urania. Deep were his slumbers, for the trees
Fann'd by the murmuring breeze,
Attuned their lulling harmony
To the low hum of bees ;
And round about the waters gushing,
Seem'd but a gentle hushing,
That join'd the strain and sang his lullaby.
Upon the stream a bridling swan
Floated in snowy stateliness, full plumed,
Gazing upon him with a stedfast eye,
And ever as the current bore her on,
Her station she resumed,
And gazed again more earnestly.
Methought it was the genius of the place,
Taking that form of grace,
To sit beside him, watchfully.

Dryope. Could'st thou behold so sweet a scene
unmoved?

Urania. Ah, me! I did not. Tremblingly,
By that ineffable symmetry alighting,
Silent I stood and gaz'd, nor knew I lov'd,
Till mine I laid upon his lips inviting,
Gently, and from that nectary
Intoxication drew. With sudden glee
Amid the leaves melodious laughter sounded,
And looking up I might espy
Cupid's white teeth, and mark'd his silver bow,
As from his nest he bounded,
And sought on purple wings the sky.

Dryope. Awoke not then the sleeping boy
below?

Urania. I saw no more, before my vision dim,
The landscape seem'd to swim;
My tingling blood diffused a blush
Of fire thro' every limb,
And in mine ears I heard the gush

Of mighty waters. Wingless before,
Then first from my unconscious shoulders started
These pinions, badges of my degradation.

Dryope. Wingless! then how could'st thou
 upsoar
Into the spheres?

Urania. At simple will I darted
Above, below. Wherever inclination
Prompted, with ease I clove the sky.

Dryope. Such power have I possess'd in dreams.

Urania. Now levell'd with the birds I cannot fly
Without this cumbrous aid.

Dryope. Graceful it seems
To me, and beautiful; but quick resume
Thy tale, I pant to know thy doom.

Urania. Recovering from my trance,
I found myself alone within a grove,
And then bethought me of Pan's ordonnance
Against forbidden love: —

That she of air who kiss'd a lip of earth,
Should be earth-bound, resign the firmament,
And mansions of her birth,
To serve what nymph of wood, or fount, or grot,
She first might meet in that abandonment.
Thee, gentle mistress ! thee, by happy lot,
Did I encounter first : thy tenderness
Hath sweeten'd servitude. May my poor heart
By ever prompt docility express
Its gratitude.

Dryope. Urania mine ! thou art
Most dear to me, — not servitor, but friend.
Believe me, now, thy sadly tuneful tale,
Breathing of love and leaves unto its end,
Hath left within my breast a thrilling throbb :
But said'st thou not, unless remembrance fail,
That I could set thee free ?

Urania. Forgive this sob ;
Nor ye, celestial playmates, mark the tear
That does not gush for you, but one more dear,

Tho' an earth ranger. As I lost the skies
For having loved a wood-god, so, should'st thou
Press but thy lips to those of mortal man,
Thine were the penalty, and mine the prize ;
For thou to mortal destinies must bow,
And in that instant I should soar sublime.
Such the commandment of all-loving Pan,
To keep each race distinct, yet not chastise
More than one sentient being at a time.

Dryope. I pity thee, Urania, for I fear
If such the terms, thou never canst be free
But be of happy cheer,
For light and loving shall thy service be
Be it thy present task to twine a wreath
Of oak leaves with their apples.

Urania. To adorn
Thy radiant brow ?

Dryope. Sweet captive, no ; — beneath
The giant oak which wandering woodmen call

Diana's canopy, there is this morn
A meeting of the wood-nymphs, to elect
Our summer chief, whose office is in all
Solemnities and pastimes to direct
Our jocund sisterhood. She to whom falls
This dignity, in a wild chaunt we hail
Queen, and bedeck her with our coronals.
Follow me thither quick. [Exit.

Urania.

I will not fail.

O I have seen a youth so bright,
And mortal too, that Dryope,
If once he met her ravish'd sight,
Would be enslaved and I set free.
This shall be done
Before the sun
Sinks into the ruddy sea.

SCENE III.

The open Country.

CHABRIAS, THEUCARILA, CELADON, DORIS, *Shepherds and Shepherdesses, meeting* AMARILLIS, *chaunt in Chorus.*

Happy, happy, Amarillis !
Whom our God with awful voice
Hath made the priestess of his choice ;
Wear the virgin wreath of lilies,
Wear the holy robe and rod,
Chosen priestess of our god ;
Happy, happy, Amarillis !

Doris. O daughter, daughter, what a happy
pass !

Priestess of Pan ? — O Jupiter !

Celadon.

Forbear,

Good Doris ; hold thy peace, for Chabrias
Will tell the tale.

Chabrias. Damsel, with reverent ear
And grateful heart attend. A prodigy
Hath call'd thee to the temple, call'd by name ;
For in our rites as we advanced to twine
A wreath around Pan's statue, lo ! a cry
Was heard, and from his marble lips there came
In awful accents this command divine, —

“ Theucarila ! no more approach my fane,

“ Let Amarillis as my priestess reign.”

Obedient to this mandate, holy maid,
We hail thee priestess, coming to lead thee hence
Unto our fane, where thou shalt be array'd
With all solemnity and reverence.

Theucarila. And here I tender thee the rod and
robe,

And holy wreath, symbols of office. How
I have offended the benignant Pan
Baffles conjecture. I have tried to probe
My heart, and find it faithful to its vow :
But I must bow my head beneath his ban,

Humbly, striving to hide my shame, and heal
The bitter desolation I endure.

Mayst thou be happier than I! thy zeal
As fervent, and thine honours more secure.

Amarillis. What means this mockery? dear
mother, I

Am all bewilder'd: greeted thus, and stiled
Priestess of Pan! Me, *Amarillis*, me,
So lowly born!

Doris. Lowly, forsooth! 'twould try
The temper of a dove: why, tell me, child,
Was not thy grandsire's wife, old Crocalé,
Aunt to Pelopidas the rich? For shame!
Lowly, indeed!

Amarillis. Nay, mother, do not blame,
But pity me; I know not what I say.
With pious reverence I would obey
Great Pan's behest; and yet, alas! I feel
It cannot be.

Doris. What next will come to pass?

Amarillis. My heart will burst, unless I may
reveal

Its burden. Mother, didst thou not consent
Just now that I should wed with Phœbidas?

Doris. Tush! — 'twas before I knew this high
event.

A priestess talk of marriage! O profane!

Chabrias. Chosen of Pan, thou must devote thy
years

To chastity, all former ties forsaking :

On to the temple.

Doris. Daughter, dry thy tears.

Amarillis. How can I, mother, when my heart
is breaking.

[*They lead her out in procession, singing.*

Happy, happy Amarillis!

Whom our god with awful voice

Hath made the priestess of his choice ;

Wear the virgin wreath of lilies,

Wear the holy robe and rod,
Chosen priestess of our god,
Happy, happy Amarillis.

Celadon (remains). My plot hath answer'd wondrously : — 'twas I,
Conceal'd beneath the statue's base, that feign'd
Pan's awful voice, and wrought this prodigy.
How soon these pious rustics are cajoled !
Perhaps I may no longer be disdain'd
Now that Theucarila is uncontroll'd.
Be she or Amarillis kind, or loth,
At all events I am revenged on both.

SCENE IV.

The Vale of Tempe.

AMARYNTHUS.

O matron goddess, Cybele, who didst bow
From heaven thy tower'd head to bless

The Phrygian shepherd boy: Diana, thou,
Who in thy lunar car didst nightly haunt
Latmos, where slept in lonely dreaminess
The Arcadian herdsman; and thou too, love's
 essence,
Venus, who from enamour'd gods didst slip,
In Cretan woods to lip,
The smooth cheek'd hunter, or on Ida's crest
The blooming son of Themis bless'd;
Say, ye celestials, did ye fear to daunt
Your lovers by revealing
This secret, never utter'd in man's presence,
Or were ye bound by oath to its concealing?
Perchance its deadly blazon may not be
Knell'd with impunity
In the so fragile shell of mortal ear;
Speak not the less altho' your breath
Strike me with instant death,
For I had rather die,
Seeing futurity with vision clear,

Than live in this benighted agony : —
Shout, then, I charge ye, shout,
God, goddess, dæmon, genius, nymph, or ghost,
Altho' your tongue in thunder chase my doubt,
And your eyes' lightning wither up each vein ;
Or in a whispering hush mine ear accost,
And drop the secret in its porch,
Altho' like Aconite it scorch
With madd'ning fire each chamber of my brain.

ÆNONE enters.

Ænone. Be hush'd ye waters, woods, and waves,
while I,
In mute idolatry,
Bow to the mighty spirit of the mountain.

Amarynthus. What mountain speak'st thou of?

Ænone. Parnassus, where
Glorious Apollo reigns.

Amarynthus. As I sat quoting
Alcmæon once by the Castalian fountain —

Ænone. Hush, hush ! no more, — those lovely
arms, — there, there !

They strike the harp.

How sweet, and yet how stern, — hark, hark !

O save me, save me, from those threatenings sharp.

Amarynthus. Be calm *Ænone* ; these are visions.

Ænone. Mark,

How it swims up and melts into the air.

It was no vision ! but 'tis gone, and I

Am left again in wildering misery.

She sings.

When Dido, love-lorn wife,

Laid her head upon the pyre,

She lost at once her life

And her passion in the fire.

But what must she endure

Who feeds a hopeless flame,

And seeks in vain a cure

For love, and life, and shame.

Amaryn. Leave me, CEnone ; I am rapt in high
Musings and invocations : why dost thou haunt
My wanderings ?

CEnone. Fiercer spirits than I
Shall haunt thee soon. Musings and invocations ?
What ! think'st thou that thy conjurings can daunt .
CEnone ? Breathe thy darkest adjurations,
I will stand by thee though the invisible world
Yawn to thy summons, all unfurl'd.
I have seen th' Olympian Psychagogi
Conjure up spirits of the dead, then why
May I not aid thy harmless incantations ?
Answers to our joint summons we will win,
For the nymphs of earth or air
The secret shall declare,
So begin ! begin ! begin !

Amarynthus. Uraniaë, fair immortals of the sky,
Give ear unto my cry,
If to your azure domes and halls of marble,
A parley wafted on the daring breath

Of man may climb. If not,
O Epigeiæ, who claim your birth,
Like me, from this maternal earth,
List, while in turn I summon ye to warble
From fount or ocean, grove, or mountain grot,
Oracular song or hymn,
To chace this ignorance dim,
Which makes light dark, and life itself a death.

ÆNONE *singing*.

Hear, hear, hear !
From earth or sky,
O nymphs reply,
Appear, appear, appear !

Amarynthus. Oreades ! nymphs of the mountain
rushing
From the so haunted Paphlagonian cave ;
What time Aurora blushing,
Veils with her glittering locks the morning star,

Your horns and voices near and far,
Re-echo, till in virgin beauty grave,
The heavenly huntress of the silver bow,
Dian, descend among ye ; then ye bound
(Your rosy charms robust,
With jocund health and sylvan ardour flush'd,)
Over the hills and downs like sunny flashes,
While from the fern the roebuck dashes
Into the nearest brakes,
And with his antlers shakes
Upon his dappled coat the dew-drops round.
Returning to your grot,
Landscaped with evergreens and nodding flowers,
Upon your mossy couches ye recline,
Quaffing the fruits, and milk, and honey wine,
Which every pious goatherd faileth not
To drop within, as offerings to your powers.
O quiver'd virgins, leave the feast and cup,
Oreades, up, up !

Nor stay to braid your wind-blown locks,
But from your niches in the rocks,
Hear me, O hear, and give reply
Unto my solemn cry.

ÆNONE *singing*.

Hear, hear, hear !
Nymphs of the hill,
Our wishes fulfil,
Appear, appear, appear !

Amarynthus. Ye Naiads, who in fountains floating,
Your azure eyes upturn,
To watch the weeping Hyades denoting
Replenishment to each exhausted urn ;
Or from Apollo stealing,
Unto some moist and silent cave,
Your heads on flaky lilies propping,
List idly to the water dropping,
From the top, drip ! drop !

Oozing from the mossy ceiling
Drowsily upon the wave.
And chiefly ye,
Enamour'd three,
Eunica, Malis, and Nycheia fair,
Who in your rocky cistern dancing,
Saw, from the Argonauts advancing,
Hylas, the curly Hylas, with his vase,
And as he stoop'd to fill it, seiz'd his hand,
And pluck'd him to your amorous embrace,
Deaf to his comrades' cries that fill'd the air,
Till " Hylas ! Hylas !" rang along the Pontic
strand :

Roused by my invocation stern,
O cease your sports, and from your hollow urn,
As from a trumpet shout,
A response that may chace this madd'ning doubt.
Hear me, I charge ye, hear, and give reply,
Unto my solemn cry.

ÆNONE *singing*.

Hear, hear, hear !

O nymphs of the urn,

An answer return :

Appear, appear, appear !

Amarynthus. Daughters of Doris, sleek Nereides,
Ye lily-bosom'd Graces of the ocean,
Riding in its commotion,
The breakers, Neptune's coursers of the seas ;
Or whether in the calm Eubœan bay,
Nereides, ye play,
Where the waves softly creep,
With hushing lips to kiss the yellow sand,
The while Arion's magic hand
With melting music soothes the deep :
Or in your crystal grottoes flash'd with spar,
On sea-weed couches if ye sleep,
Lull'd by the watery roar,
Of some tempestuous shore,

Booming faintly from afar;
Or if your sisterhood, perchance,
The court of Neptune haunts,
In the saloons of Amphitrite's coral
Palace weaving the delirious dance,
While Sappho, garlanded with laurel,
Melodious songs and hymns of triumph chaunts;
Let my dread summons with a tongue of iron
Knock at your palace gates,
And with prompt ear your challenger environ,
For he demands, not supplicates,
That ye should hear his quest, and give reply
Unto his solemn cry.

ÆNONE *singing*.

Hear, hear, hear!

Nymphs of the sea,

Attend to our plea:

Appear, appear, appear!

Amarynthus. O boon and buxom daughters of
the wood,

Who in mute wonder stood,

Beneath polluted Myrrha's sighing branches,

(Who with her bitter tears her crime embalms,)

And watch'd her procreant bark the while it
launches

The young Adonis to your trembling palms ;

Dryads and Hamadryads, ye

Who haunt this antique greenery,

Whether on beds of moss, curtained by boughs,

Within your oaky bowers ye are lying,

And with the chant of birds your ears carouse ;

Or mid the copses flying

From chace of Faunus and his sylvanry,

Ye scare the dappled does who browse

In lonely fearfulness, O troop, when bidden,

To one who with deep reverence resorts

To view your pastoral sports ;

And if your sacred graces must be hidden,

Within these laurel arbours take your station,
And utter thence your revelation,
Or let me from some Dodonæan oak
Your oracle evoke.

Ye rosy foresters, for ever young,
Ye greenwood rovers, debonnaire, O hear !
Hie hither from your leafy cabinets,
Your green alcoves and arks,
Whether in brakes or fastnesses,
Dells, verdant coves, or single trees,
For, lo ! the morn is blushing, and the larks
Salute her from the sky with piping tongue,
While all the woodlands ring to chanticleer.
Leave, O leave, your sports and loves,
And list awhile to me ;
Me, Dryads ! me, a burgess of the groves,
For I am stern and desperate in my plea.
Hear then, I charge ye, hear, and give reply
Unto my solemn cry.

ÆNONE *sings.*

Hear, hear, hear !

Nymphs of the grove,

Wherever ye rove,

Appear, appear, appear !

Amarynthus. What ! is the world struck dumb ?
no sound, no sight ?

O earth, or air, speak for the love of mercy.

My brain, my brain ! I shall go mad outright.

[*Exit.*

Ænone. Nature was dumb even to th' enchant-
ress Circe,

And unto all she still preserves her calm

And resolute silence — unto all but me.

In that alone my sorrows find a balm.

Did he not speak of love ? I had a lover

Once, and most dear to me ; but all is over,

All gone, gone, gone ! so do not tell Apollo.

O heavens ! methinks I see Apollo yonder

In all his beauty's wonder.

I know him by the beams that gush

From out his locks : nay, do not let him follow

Till I have hid me in yon woody cover.

I'll steal to it on tiptoe. Hush, hush, hush !

[Exit.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Cave in Mount Homole.

Enter AMARILLIS and PHŒBIDAS.

Phæbidas. LEAN, Amarillis, upon me; the mouth
Of the cave is reach'd at last.

Amarillis. Thus to depart
From the temple secretly I fear was wrong.
Yet in hypocrisy to waste my youth,
And act the priestess when my rebel heart
To my dear Phæbidas must still belong,
Would have been deeper wickedness. O Pan,
Forgive me !

Phæbidas. Nay, cheer up, all's well,
For the stars favour'd our escape. Last night
I watch'd the bright-eyed Bear till he began
To set ; and when Orion shone, I fell

Upon my knees, imploring that our flight
Might prosper ; softly then I drew
To the temple, and received you in my arms.

Amarillis. As we came hither, in the distant
blue,

I saw the Pleiades arising, clear
From clouds ; that's a good omen, is it not ?

Phœbidas. Doubtless ; for me, I never felt
alarms

Since lambent on my right I saw arise
Castor and Pollux.

Amarillis. Heaven smiles upon our plot.
See with what flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes
The hill-tops tell us they have seen the sun !
'Tis a sweet scene ; but will this open grot
Conceal me ? There will be close pursuit.

Phœbidas. Not one
Will venture here ; for every where 'tis thought
That by an angry nymph this cave is haunted.
No straying goat within it will be sought,

But with his pipe or voice the goat-herd, daunted,
Awaits below, and tries to coax it out.

This is our cue, for you must represent
This angry nymph. Should bolder feet be treading
About your hiding place, to chace all doubt
You must put on this scarf and garland, meant
To imitate the nymph's ; and with upbraiding
Tongue be ready to chastise them back.

Amarillis. What brought this artifice into your
mind ?

Phœbidas. Dear Amarillis, love will never lack
Expedients for success.

Amarillis. But how am I
To live meanwhile ?

Phœbidas. A crystal spring you'll find
In the white marble, purer than the dew
In a lily's bell, and hither will I hie
At night with fruits and cream, and honey press'd
Fresh from the comb. Into my scrip I threw

A Doric cake, and flask of muscadel,
For present use. This cave shall be the nest
O'er which I'll hover, feeding thee as well
And tenderly as stock-doves do their young.

Amarillis. Shall I not see thee in the day?

Phœbidas. My herd

Cannot be browsed upon the mount, for so
The heifers might devour with eager tongue
The poisonous budding brooms ; but 'tis averr'd
That in the shrubby bottoms down below
(Although they be not used) there are rich plots
Of pasture, thymy hillocks, and sweet spots,
Where honey-bells, wild oats, and celandine,
With maiden-hair and asphodel entwine.
There they may browse, and I may sometimes steal
To visit thee ; for few explore this wild,
Unless some wandering wood-keeper should come
To gather faggots.

Amarillis. I meanwhile will kneel

Hourly to Pan till he be reconciled

To this bold flight. Surely we must by some
Misdeed have anger'd him, or he would ne'er
Frown on our loves.

Phæbidas. Last week, in thoughtful mood,
Crossing the mead behind the temple, where
Browses the sacred herd, a heifer stood
Athwart my path, which I unguardedly
Struck with my staff.

Amarillis. O sacrilegious blow !
One of the sacred herd ! Didst thou not spy
Pan's symbol branded on its side, to show
That it was meant for sacrifice ?

Phæbidas. No, not
Until the heifer bounded o'er the lea.

Amarillis. This, doubtless, is the cause of all
our trouble.

You must make offerings in atonement.

Phæbidas. What
Gifts will suffice ?

Amarillis. Three goats' milk bowls, and
three

Of honey with the comb.

Phæbidas. Ay ; that and double,
If 'twill appease him will I freely give.

Amarillis. O lose no time, but to his altar haste ;
And may he with propitious mercy view
Thine offerings !

Phæbidas. I go ; but I shall live
Only in hope of quick return. Adieu !

Amarillis. Believe me, Phæbidas, I shall not
taste
Joy till you come again. Farewell, farewell !

[*Phæbidas exit.*

Into the darker cloisters of my cell
Will I retire. And, O ye pendent boughs
Of ilex, ivy, rosemary, and box,
With oleaster and wild vines entwined,
Shroud me from sight : so may no vagrant flocks

Your green festoons, with mouth uplifted, browse,
Nor woodman with his hatchet wound your rind.

[*Retires into the Cave.*]

AMARYNTHUS *enters the Cave, and approaching the
Fountain, kneels before it.*

Amarynthus. Ye stately nymphs that in this
fountain lave,

(What time the morn from yonder height
Stands tiptoe peeping with delight,)
And give your breasts to float upon the wave,
Like heaving lilies with a rose-bud tipp'd,
May nothing in your crystal bed be dipp'd,
To cloud the beaming of your milky limbs
When ye disport beneath ; nor herds nor flocks
Trample the flowers that glorify its rims,
With which ye wont to braid your dripping locks.
May nothing of the reptile tribe that swims,
Profanely tincture its pellucid deep,

And when some thirsty pilgrim stops to sip,
May he, like me, approach with reverent lip,
Nor with rude clamour scare ye when ye sleep,
Lull'd by the gugglings that around ye creep.
Hail, ye fair forms, and hallowed be your haunts!

AMARILLIS sings within.

Who dare invade with foot unwary,
This our chosen sanctuary?

She enters dressed as a Nymph.

Presumptuous mortal! knowest thou not
This is the nymphs' forbidden grot?
Wretch! thou shalt be, for this intrusion,
Haunted and hunted to confusion.

[*AMARYNTHUS utters a loud cry, and
rushes out.*

SCENE II.

CENONE *is discovered sitting beneath a Tree, weaving a Garland of Flowers and Ivy.*

She sings.

Hot was the chace
Through the wilds of Thrace,
When Rhæcus riding the woods among,
Saw a beautiful oak that toppling hung,
For the earth had sunk
From the roots, and its trunk
To the shelving bank in an agony clung.

His horse he stopp'd,
And he upright propp'd
The tree, and replaced the earth with care,
When a young Hamadryad, as fresh as air,
Stepping out of the dark
And yawning bark,
Cried, "Ask a boon, and I'll grant your prayer."

As he gaz'd on her breast,
Still heaving distress'd,
He fondly exclaim'd, with love I burn,
O beautiful nymph grant yours in return !
She blush'd at his boon,
But vow'd that soon,
The hour of his happy reward he should learn.

In his ear, while at dice,
A bee buzz'd thrice,
'Twas a page from his bride to whisper her will,
But he dash'd it aside, and attempted to kill.
When in anger and shame
She struck him lame,
And there he goes limping, limping still.

What a fierce thing is unrequited love !
Alas ! poor Rhæcus, thou wilt not abuse
Again the herald of a nymph. Heigho !
Yes ; the last garland that I ever wove

Was just like this, and O with what profuse
Clusters his locks above it and below
Fell when I placed it on his noble brow.
But, hush ! no more of that, 'tis impious now.
Seal'd be my lips. Yet after death, perhaps,
We may unchidden meet, no more to part.
If so, how gladly should I mark the lapse
Of health, waiting to let my heart
Break, like an egg, silently in its nest,
Then spread my wings, and flutter to his breast.

AMARYNTHUS, *rushes in wildly.*

Amarynthus. O save me, save me ! hide me
from the anger

Of the pursuing nymphs : visions of sadness
Glare ghastly to mine eyes : clashing and clangour
Whiz in mine ears, and every thought is madness.

Cenone. I said thou shouldst be haunted by more
dire

And unrelenting spirits than *Cenone*.

Amarynthus. See, see! the furies with their
snaky hair

Rise from the earth and stretch their fingers bony,
Whose single touch would set my heart on fire.

This way they block my passage up, and there
The nymphs rush on like raving bacchanals.

O for some cloud like that which Jove outspread
Over this vale of Tempe, to conceal

Io! I hear the nymphs' distracting calls.

O whither shall I fly, where hide my head,

Or quench the fire that in my brain I feel?

[*Runs out.*

Ænone. Yes; happiness upon the horizon hangs,
For ever flying back as we advance.

Poor Amarynthus! thou hast realised

Thy hopes, — what are they? Nympholeptic pangs
And terror. How these leaves of ivy glance

In the sun. This garland might be prized

By Bacchus' self. O let me not profane

That name, but recollect the Chian crew.

What, kidnap Bacchus ! impious and insane !
Traitors ! your punishment was richly due.

She sings.

A beautiful boy in the Chian woods
Was reeling about, with wine o'ercome,
They took him on board, and swore by the Gods,
To sail for Naxos, and carry him home.
But the traitors bore
For another shore,
When, lo ! the vessel stands rooted fast,
Spite of the winds and buffeting blast.

O prodigy rare ! see, see, the boards
With quick spreading ivy bud and brighten ;
The oars are wreath'd like thy patriot swords,
Harmodius bold and Aristogiton.
It runs up the mast,
Round the ropes is cast,
And the sail that rustles with berries and leaves,
Like a waving wood in the ocean heaves.

Amazement ! look, a car in the ship !
Two rampant panthers spring from the floor ;
With a bright-eyed snarl each upcurls his lip,
And lifts his paw with a fearful roar :
Bacchus steps down
From the car with a frown,
And shaking the grapes from his locks and neck,
Plants his spear on the ringing deck.

How ran the rest? The perjured crew were
thrown

Into the sea, and took a dolphin's shape ;
A happier change than mine, whose mind alone
Is metamorphos'd. No man can escape
Who is ungrateful to the powers divine,
That duly bless the earth with corn and wine !

She sings.

Glory to Ceres, the beautiful Chloe !

Sing Io ! Bacche ! Evohe ! Evoe !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*Interior of a Forest.*URANIA *alone.*

He will be here anon, for I
Amid the trees pursued his track,
Now crouching in the dingles nigh,
And now with deprecating cry,
Flying like a maniac.
O she will love him at first sight,
For wild, bewilder'd as he flies,
His beauty flashes out more bright,
Like sun-beams shot from stormy skies.
This, this alone can set me free ;
And yet, kind-hearted Dryope,
I would still serve thee, if I thought
My liberty with thine were bought.

But Amarynthus' love will be
A source of rapture so divine,
That to retain it thou'lt resign
Gladly thine immortality.

She sings.

In the Milky Way's fierce lustre,
Do my starry sisters cluster :
Quickly shall I cleave the air,
Their pastime and their flight to share,
'Neath the lids of morn to creep,
In our twilight bowers to sleep,
Till she opes her amber eye,
On a sun-beam then we fly,
Dancing up the jocund sky,
In delicious revelry.

As on air we float and swing,
Merry madrigals we sing,

Bind with amaranth our brows,
As on odours we carouse ;
Or in races start amain
To kiss some star and back again ;
All the while our voices timing
To the sphere's harmonious chiming.

If on earth we deign to tread,
'Tis some precinct hallowed,
Charmed lake or haunted dell,
To hear the hymn of Philomel ;
And when summer's evening flashes
Ope the sky in flaming gashes,
Thither do we speed our flight,
Leap into the liquid light,
And bid the winking world good night.

Enter DRYOPE.

Dryope. O nightingale ! that to the unconscious
trees

So sweetly singest,
Thou shalt repay me with two melodies
For every one thou flingest
Away upon the woods when I am gone.
This tale of thine my mind is ever haunting ;
I mean of the abandoned Celadon,
When to himself you overheard him vaunting
His impious fraud in Pan's dread name committed ;
Nor can I rest until his guilt be known.
Strangers, so sacrificed, might well be pitied,
But unto Phœbidas I long have shown
Ingratitude, — at least forgetfulness.
I have a milk-white fawn, spotless and tame,
Which, frighten'd in a storm, o'erlept the fence
Of my bower, and sought the innermost recess
Of a thorny thicket. Phœbidas came
Thither by chance, carefully led it thence,
And by its collar of oak garlands guessing
It was a nymph's, tied it beneath our tree,
(Call'd, as I told thee, Dian's canopy,)

Supplied it food, and left it with a blessing.
Now for this gentle deed I do confess
Myself his debtor ; now will I be won
From all good offices, until I can
Crown him with fortune's gifts and love's success.
Did you not say, besides, that Celadon
Was a despiser of the nymphs, and Pan ?

Urania. One who derides all holy things, denies
Th' existence of the nymphs of earth or sky,
And at the terrors of th' invisible world
Laughs.

Dryope. Let us punish his impieties ;
Teach him that Pan's most awful majesty
Shall not be flouted, and that mockery hurl'd
Against the gods leaps back with fierce recoil
Upon the scorner. Thou, *Urania*, must
Devise the mode, and bear this duteous toil.
Quick ! quick ! nor let me longer be unjust.

URANIA.

'Ere the words have left thy tongue
Swift as a swallow feeds her young,
I fly to execute thy vow,
And back again, to tell thee how. [Exit.

Dryope. Is it some stag I hear, whose antler'd
brows

Have got entangled in these rustling boughs?

O gracious Pan ! what apparition's this ?

[AMARYNTHUS *rushes in, and throws himself*
at the feet of DRYOPE.

Amarynthus. The nymphs ! the nymphs ! O
hide me from their fury.

They gain upon me. Hark ! the hissing air
Boils in mine ears ; earth heaves beneath my feet,
And tries to shake me off. Spare, I conjure ye,
O spare a madden'd wanderer. There, there !
The sea forsakes its bed, and rolls its fleet
Waves to o'erwhelm me. Lo ! the rays of the sun

Are angry flames, with forky tongues out-thrust
To lap me. Hecaté is coming: see,
With her hands she combs her snakes, and every one
Spits out its foam at me. Here in the dust,
Kneeling, O gentle shepherdess, to thee
I make appeal. If ever thou didst love,
Or the soft touches of compassion know,
If thou dost reverence the powers above,
And the dread nymphs their ministers below,
O pour thy pity on a haunted wretch,
Chaced by the furies, — horror-stricken, — stung
To madness. Show me some lair where I may
stretch

My fainting limbs, and lie in the dark conceal'd
From all things and myself.

Dryope.

My heart is wrung

With mingled throbs of pity and delight.

Unhappy man, arise. Why hast thou kneel'd

To one more eager to bestow relief,

Than thou to ask? Here shalt thou cease thy flight,

For I will shield, and save thee : soothe thy grief,
And chace the fearful phantoms that possess
Thy brain. A labyrinth of green
In the near fastness of the forest hides
My bower, where thou shalt lie unseen,
With silence, solitude, and Dryope
To be thy nurses.

Amarynthus. All that Pan provides
For the blest, beautiful shepherdess, be thine.

Dryope. Come to thy sanctuary, come with me.
Thou tremblest still ; O lean upon mine arm.

Amarynthus. I hear them now, quick, quick !

Dryope. Nay, nay, resign
Thy fears, for I will shelter thee from harm.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Cave of Homole.

CHABRIAS, THEUCARILA, PHŒBIDAS, DORIS,
Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Chabrias. Maiden ! come forth, for we do bring
thee tidings

Welcome and wondrous !

Phœbidas.

Amarillis dear,

We are all friends, and bear thee joyful news.

Doris. Well I must own I do distrust these
hidings

In caves and grottoes. Ah ! 'tis many a year

Since I did thus. Surely she wont refuse

To come to us. Perhaps she cannot hear.

Why, child ! why, Amarillis !

Theucarila.

Rather let

Phœbidas enter and explain our visit.

[PHŒBIDAS *enters the Cave.*

Doris. If any can persuade her, it is he.
Yet I do wish that we had elsewhere met,
That I myself might tell her. Psha! what is it
That makes the girl so slow?

PHŒBIDAS *re-enters, leading* AMARILLIS.

Phœbidas. Nay, do not be
Frightened, dear Amarillis! look around,
And by these happy faces wilt thou see
That I have told thee truth.

Amarillis. I am o'ercome
With such contending thoughts, that they confound
My senses.

Doris. Well, then, I'll explain it all:
And sure, so marvellous —

1st Shepherd. Doris, be dumb,
And let thy betters speak.

Doris. Well, if I must.

Chabrias. Damsel! I need not to thy mind
recall

How we exalted thee, putting our trust
In an imagin'd mandate of our God ;
But I am now commission'd to declare
A miracle most genuine and sublime.
Around Pan's open altar, on the sod
As we were kneeling, and with hymns and prayer
Sought to avert the punishment impending
For what we deem'd thy rash and impious crime ;
Lo ! on a sun-beam from the sky descending,
A winged angel on our altar lighted,
And with an awful melody reveal'd
That what we had believ'd the voice of Pan
Was a vile fraud and forgery, indited
By that most sacrilegious Celadon.
To punish this profane and daring man,
All that he owns in Thessaly, each field,
And house, and herd, is confiscate and given
To the temple's use ; all but his farm upon
The banks of Cyphus, which well stored abode,
With all its flocks, and herds, and husbandry,

(For so the radiant messenger of Heaven
Decreed,) is lastingly on thee bestow'd,
Good Amarillis, for thy chastity
And sufferings unjust. Then, having will'd
That with new dignities Theucarila
Should be restor'd, the bright celestial said,
“ Mortals, adieu ! my mission is fulfilled.”
With that her glorious rainbow wings she spread,
And darting upward in the sunny ray,
The vision melted into light.

Amarillis (falling on her knees). O Pan ! I thank
thee for thy gifts bestowed
So lavishly upon a simple maiden ;
But chiefly that thou hast removed the load
Of saddening fear, with which my heart was laden,
That my rash flight would all thy smiles eclipse.

Doris. Ungrateful ! dost not thank him for the
farm ?
Why, there are seven score sheep beside their
lambs,

Three score of oxen, and six Lybian rams,
Four ricks of hay ——

Amarillis. Dear mother, think no harm
That more thanksgivings flow not from my lips.
Pan sees all hearts, and knows that mine is thrilling
With happy gratitude, to him more dear
Than hymns or hecatombs. I am unwilling,
Before so many listeners, to betray
What doubles my delight ; and yet I fear
Ye have already guess'd it : I am sure
I could not long conceal it. Then, away,
Coy subterfuge ! With frank affection pure,
Dear Phœbidas, I tender thee my hand ;
And had I twenty farms of Cyphus, they would be
More worthless than as many grains of sand,
Unless I might bestow them all on thee.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses sing in Chorus.

Phœbidas and Amarillis !

Phœbidas and Amarillis !

By your marriage celebration,
Pan ordains you to fulfil his
High and holy declaration.

Phœbidas. O Amarillis, what have I to offer
For thy so generous love? Naught but a poor
Lean heifer, and four cypress pails; but these
With a most fond and faithful heart I proffer.

Amarillis. That is a wealth whose value will
endure
Tho' all the rest were melted in the seas.

Doris. Well, daughter, as I gave consent
before,
I cannot now refuse: 'tis a nice farm;
And yet Pan's priestess had a grander sound.

Theucarila. Remember, Doris, if thy daughter
bore
This holy robe, it would possess no charm
To soothe her wretchedness, while I have found

Joy unprofaned in winning it again.
Be sure that Pan, whate'er he may ordain,
Is wise and gracious.

Chabrias. Wherefore let us all
Unto his temple turn, once more to fall
Before his altar, and with choral cries
Laud him for these benignant prodigies.
Then will we celebrate the nuptial rites,
With sportive cheer and festival delights.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses sing.

Phœbidas and Amarillis!

Phœbidas and Amarillis!

By your marriage celebration,

Pan ordains you to fulfil his

High and holy declaration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Dryope's Bower.*AMARYNTHUS *asleep* — URANIA.

Urania. How awful is the sleep of beauty ! I
Can scarcely gaze unmoved upon this youth,
And Dryope, when night enfolds the sky,
Will softly steal, (if there be any truth
In my heart-cheering hopes,) to kiss
His dozing eyes. O Liberty !
Then shall I hail thee in the bliss
Of soaring from this alien narrowness,
Up to the social vastness of the sky.

Oft as I float above this earthly ball,
And catch the murmur of its myriad throngs,
Although to me no sympathy belongs
With fleeting man, a smiling tear will fall
To think upon the everlasting strife
Of passions that embroil his little life ;

Their schemes ephemeral, the sad and blythe
Hotly pursue, and as they smile or weep,
Up stalks the bony monster with the scythe,
And crops the breathing harvest at a sweep.
New generations rise to feed his blade,
And yet, poor insect, only *thou* dost fade.
The sun and moon look on with changeless eye,
Age doth not bleach the blueness of the sky ;
And tho' the winter'd earth wan cheeks may wear,
Spring re-appears, her wrinkled brow to smooth,
Garlands her locks, and o'er her shoulders bare
Throws the green mantle of eternal youth.
But why should I, unchangeable as these,
With shadowy man and his low destinies
Dull my clear thoughts? Away, away,
Thou thing of a day !
My spirit is panting, and nothing is wanting
But darkness to snap all its fetters of clay.
When the nocturnal melodist shall pour
Her torrent of mellifluous ravishment,

Then shall this earth-imprisonment be o'er,
Then shall commence my limitless ascent.

Hush, hush ! the night is coming,
The cricket chirps, and the chafer's humming.

She sings.

Earth ! before thy larks shall twitter,
Or thy mountain-daisies glitter,

In the morning's dewy spangles ;
When thy bats no more are flitting,
And thy drowsy owls are sitting,
Blinking thro' the ivy's tangles.

When in all thy hush'd dominions
Thou shalt hear no sound of pinions,
Mine shall serenade the night,
From the sky the darkness brushing,
In their luminous up-rushing,
Like a meteor in its flight.

Then, thou misty mass, for ever
Eyes and thoughts shall I dissever,
From thy prison melancholic,
In my native starry bowers,
Wreath'd with rainbow light and flowers,
Once again to float and frolic.
Hush, hush ! the night is coming,
The cricket chirps, and the chafer's humming.

DRYOPE *enters.*

Dryope. Urania, thou warbling Syren, hush !
For tho' thy voice be sweeter than the pipe
Of tuneful Hermes, or the liquid gush
Of Philomela from the myrtle-bush
That hangs o'er Sappho's tomb, behold ! the type
Of Love himself in lovely slumber lies ;
And as thou would'st be fearful of awaking
Cupid, refrain as timidly from breaking
The slumbers of this God in mortal guise.

Urania. Mistress, I have done my mission.
Amarillis's ordeals
All are changed to joy surprising ;
Phœbidas's hymeneals
Even now are solemnising :
Rich beyond his hope's ambition
Is he made, and Celadon,
Reft of all his guilty wealth,
Wild'ring and dismay'd, by stealth
From Thessaly has fled and gone.

Dryope. Talk not to me of others' happiness,
When he, more charming than the beautiful
Antinous, Adonis, or Narcissus,
Hylas, or Hyacinth, or Cyparissus,
Or Phrygian Atys, lies in this distress,
Haunted with nympholeptic dreams, that dull
His bright conceit, and worry him to madness.
O hie thee quick for Amalthæa's horn,
And pour from it some moly or nepenthe
That may dispel this phantasy of sadness.

Nay, fly at once, for I am all forlorn,
Till thy return ; and never have I sent thee
On a more vital need : away, away !

Urania. Sometimes we scalers of the sky upsoar
So near the sun, that from the flood of light
With wild intoxication we are fill'd,
Seeing sad visions and phantasmas strange ;
Wherefore we bear about us in a shell
A syrup, whose least drop can put to flight
Phantoms and all chimeras. 'Tis distill'd
From flowers unknown to earth, which only dwell
Upon the dizzy mountains of the moon,
To whose vast height muse-haunted Helicon,
God-crown'd Olympus, and the invisible snows
Of topless Caucasus are pigmies.

Dryope. One
Drop of this unguent is the only boon
I e'er shall ask of thee. O woe of woes !
Thou canst not soar so high.

Urania. Nor need I now.

Within a shell of Nautilus, enwreath'd
Amid the tresses of my hair, there lies
A drop unwasted still.

Dryope. O thou has breath'd
Into mine ear delicious music : how
Shall we apply it ? Let me loose thy hair.

Urania. It must be gently pour'd upon his eyes,
The while its mystic virtues I declare

[*DRYOPE anoints his eyes.*

Urania. Sleeper, may this sovoreign lotion,
Through the lids thine eyes that shroud,
Like a sunbeam through a cloud,
Pierce, and chace each misty notion,
Born of superstitious error,
And inñstinct with maddening terror.
Thou hast wish'd the veil up-furl'd
Which the Omnipotent Unseen,
Hath suspended o'er the world,
An impenetrable screen,

Never to be raised, till he
Who hung it, shall from out the sky,
Thrust his hand, and testify
The wonders of eternity.
Wake, and with a humbler mind,
Bow thee to the lot assign'd :
Wake, no more a Nympholept,
But a gentle love-adept,
Only seeking to make bright
Future darkness by the light
Of present joy, and wisely deeming
That the purest we can know
Less proceeds from pleasure-scheming
Than from that which we bestow.

Dryope. Perform thy ministry, thou potent
charm,
Fondly, yet faithfully.

Urania. Let us begone,
For night has fallen, and no new alarm
Must scare his sleep.

Dryope. Nay, I will do no harm.
Not speak, nor breathe, let me but gaze upon
His face.

Urania. Not now ; thou shalt return anon.

[*She leads out DRYOPE.*

Amarynthus (awaking). O ! I have had a fearful
dream, methought

From the sacred grove th' Eumenides were coming :
I saw the cymbals flash, and heard deep drumming ;
When suddenly a winged angel brought
A shepherdess, who pour'd upon mine eyes
Drops, that dispell'd my loathsome phantasies,
And left me calm and happy. O what a sweet
Sensation flutters in my heart serene,
As if 'twere wing'd : dost thou still bid it beat,
Wild dream, or does this lovely night attune
Its pulses to the beauty of the scene ?

Through the sky's azure lake yon parted cloud
Swims on to bleach its feathers in the moon,
Like the swan-god, bridling to sleek his proud
And thrilling down on Leda's breast.

And now the Titan clouds their masses prop
Into a mountain that may scale the skies ;
And, lo ! the moon, soon as it sleeps at rest,
Steals to the field of lilies on its top,
To bless her Latmian shepherd, while the wind
Blows the black ringlets from his dreaming eyes,
That she may kiss them softly. Ah ! how soon
All is dissolved, and scattered, unconfined,
For now the clouds, in tufts of fleecy hue,
Wander, like flocks of sheep, through fields of blue,
Cropping the stars for daisies, while the moon
Sits smiling on them as a shepherdess ;
Floating upon the wings of silence down,
A dew of light, in silver loveliness
Falls on the earth. The trees stand proudly still
To have their portraits shadow'd on the ground
By Dian's pencil, whose creative skill
Doubles the landscape, copying every trace
In light and shade, — all but her own fair face,
Which in the brook, as in the heavens, is found

Painted in light alone. Say, dost thou not,
Enamour'd Cynthia, with fond eyes explore
This sleep-embosom'd dell, like some fond mother
Who takes her lamp at midnight, and hangs o'er
Her lovely infant, slumbering in its cot?
Peasant and king now equal one another;
All hush'd and happy, share a common lot.
O who can contemplate this mingled scene
Of nature's charms and man's repose serene,
Nor feel his heart with human love embued
And heavenly gratitude!

How sweet, how exquisite to tend my sheep
'Mid scenes like these, with such a shepherdess
As her whom late I saw. O gentle sleep!
Scatter thy drowsiest poppies from above,
And in new dreams, not soon to vanish, bless
My senses with the sight of her I love.

[*Composes himself to sleep.* — DRYOPE
enters, cautiously.

Dryope. Methought I heard a voice ; but all is still.

Sleep on thou mortal deity ! sleep on
Till the kind charm have tranquilliz'd thy soul ;
And, oh ! if love would aid its soothing skill,
By these soft kisses which I breathe upon
Thine eyes, do I acknowledge its controul.

Music is heard in the air, and URANIA sings.

Liberty ! Liberty !
The word is spoken,
The spell is broken,
Liberty ! Liberty !

Star of my birth
My rights renew :
Dryope ! earth !
Adieu ! Adieu !

Amarynthus (*awaking*). What strain is that, what
dulcet melody,

Fainter and fainter still, that from the air
Pours its deliciousness more tunefully
Than dying nightingales? O thou most rare
And beautiful shepherdess, art thou a dream,
A vision, or indeed the guardian maid
That lately shelter'd me, and o'er my sleep
Hover'd?

Dryope. Be thou composed and calm, nor
deem

Unkindly of me if I am afraid
To tell thee what I am.

Amarynthus. Why dost thou weep,
And blush, and tremble thus?

Dryope. To me that voice
Announced an awful change of fate : but now
I cannot tell thee all. Indeed, dear youth,
'Tis sweet, though strange, and I shall soon re-
jice.

I care not for myself, if thou art calm.
See, my Pandoron hangs on yonder bough;
Take it, and with its gentle music soothe
Thy spirit.

Amarynthus. Fairest, it can yield no balm
Unless it soothe thine own.

AMARYNTHUS *sings.*

Come, shepherdess, O come,
Amid the boughs and greenness live with me :
Birds shall sing and bees shall hum,
To welcome thee with nature's minstrelsy.

No peering ray shall glisten
Through the thick leaves upon the mossy green,
Where thou shalt lie,
When the sun is high,
And to the wing'd musicians listen
That hop about unseen.

While I beside thee laid,
Will carve thy name on the o'erhanging trees ;
Or lissom osiers braid
To make thee baskets for wild strawberries ;

Or fetch thee from the brook
Lilies, to make a garland for thy locks ;
Or carve a curious crook,
Or willow wattles twist to fold thy flocks.

When the red setting sun
Behind the burnish'd sycamores is seen,
Whose shadows long and dun
Streak with dark brown the grass's golden green,

We'll stand beside the bushes,
To listen to the thrushes,
As in the glowing leaves they tell their tale,

Or in the moonlight flushes
Catch the passionate gushes
Of the enamour'd thrilling nightingale.

By Phœbe's lamp on high,
And the glow-worm's twinkling nigh,
Home through the silver leafiness we'll stray,
And in our bower lie,
On beds of rushes, flowers, and new-mown hay.

And should the storm be loud,
We will but clasp the closer in our nest ;
For tempests cannot cloud
The calm that keeps a sunshine in the breast.

Come, shepherdess, O come !
Amid the boughs and greenness live with me :
Birds shall sing, and bees shall hum,
To welcome thee with nature's minstrelsy.

ÆNONE *runs in.*

Ænone. What new Endymion serenades the
moon?

Ha! Amarynthus, did'st thou hear me call?

I have been seeking thee, for I must soon

Leave thee to join th' Olympic festival.

Our sails are hoisted with to-morrow's sun,

And I shall sing them, as the gulf we cross,

The ballad of the Argonauts. They say

Lysander's pilot wrote it on the day

Before the fight of Ægos Potamos.

She sings.

Never did a crew leave the shouting shore of
Greece,

Like the Argonauts who sail'd to bring home the
golden fleece.

First Hercules advanced, with Hylas in his hand,
Where Castor and Pollux stood ready on the
strand,

And Orpheus with his harp, and Jason with his
sword,
Gave the signal to the heroes when they jump'd
on board.

When they reach'd the Pontic coast, overboard
they threw
The rope-fasten'd stone, and to Chiron's cave
they flew.

They feasted and they quaff'd till the bowls and
horns were dry,

When the centaur challenged Orpheus their
minstrelsy to try.

He snatch'd the lyre himself, and such warlike
pæans play'd,

That each hero started up, and with fierceness
drew his blade.

But when Orpheus began, the trees from Pelion's
height

Slid downwards to the cave, and o'erhung it in
delight ;

Wolves and lions at its mouth stood silently
around,

Mix't with cattle, with their ears all pointing to
the sound ;

The centaur stamp'd his hoof 'mid ungovernable
cries,

And clapp'd his hands in extacy, and yielded up
the prize.

Amarynthus. Thanks for thy ballad, tuneful
maid, but why

Wert thou seeking me?

Ænone.

How ran the prophecy?

“ From fancied visions he shall be
Relieved by their reality.”

All is fulfill'd.

Amarynthus. How, how, fair prophetess?

Ænone. She whom you deem'd a Naiad in the
cave

Of Homole, was Amarillis. She

Who chaced your visions was no shepherdess,

But Dryope the wood-nymph, who with grave

And downcast looks sits by thee blushingly.

I could have stak'd my life on the prediction

Of the rustling oats: — but hark ye, youth, do not

In the moon's jealous eye your love declare:

Think on those arms, the cause of my affliction,

That swam on light to the Castalian grot,

And smote the harp. Beware! beware! beware!

[*Exit.*

Amarynthus. Tell me, fair wonder, who and
what thou art,

For I may scarce believe this crazy ranting;

But, ah! if thou would'st not replunge my heart

Into the madness which thy touch enchanting

Banish'd, O do not bid me disavow
That I adore and love thee.

Urania. Never, dear youth,
Recall that word. CEnone told thee truth.
I was the wood-nymph, Dryope.

Amarynthus. And now
Art thou not still the same?

Urania. I have been made
Mortal like thee. O be the change propitious!

Amarynthus. What crime could thus degrade
thy destinies?

Urania. By my deep blushes be the truth be-
tray'd,
Not by my tongue. Alas! it was for love,
Love of a mortal.

Amarynthus. O surmise delicious!
It was — it was: those eyes, those blushes, prove
It was for love of me. Here on my knees,
By Pan and all the deities that keep
Court on Olympus, do I dedicate

Life to thy service, and when this fond heart
Shall cease to throb with love, O may it leap
Out of my breast, and burst.

Urania.

Now is my fate

More noble than it was ; for love's dear art
Into a moment hath condensed the joy
Of ages ; and if thou hast truly sworn,
Our little life, with love, will far o'erpass
An immortality without, which doth but cloy
With sameness. Wilt thou in the forest's bourn
Live with thy Dryope ? I'll teach thee there
Our wood-craft ; show the weeds and ferny grass
That stags and roebucks browse ; skill thee to
snare

Fawns, and impound the wild boar in the brake.

In autumn, when the leaping squirrels shake
Fir-cones upon the tinkling leaves below,
I'll lead thee to a rocky dell, and show
Golden carp and mottled trout,
That like meteors flash about,

Where clear waters nimbly travel
Over the painted stones and gravel.
Sports that administer perpetually
To health shall yield succession of delights.
Within the forest is an open valley,
Whose sides are turreted with rocky heights,
Surmounted some with nodding trees,
Almonds, pines, and mulberries,
Magnolia, arbutus, pinaster,
Citron, palm, and oleaster ;
Others bare, and standing out,
Like altars, all festoon'd about,
With vines and ivy, while below
The streamlet stills its guggling flow,
In a small lake, whose face serene
Is painted with the circling scene.
There do I keep my fawn, who feels
My hand to find his daily meals ;
There is my lawn, with violets o'er-run,
Which leave the fragrance of their kiss impress'd

Upon the south-wind's breath,
And buttercups that glitter to the sun,
Like infants' eyes when they behold the breast ;
And round it are the flowers immortalis'd
By Hyacinthus' and Adonis' death ;
That with the yellow crown named from the queen
Who built the Mausoleum ; that baptiz'd
With Phrygian Teucer's name, and thousands more,
That from their painted chalice incense fling.
There may'st thou sit upon the shaded green,
And gaze on butterflies, extending o'er
Scarlet anemones their crimson wing,
Till they seem metamorphos'd as they lie,
A flying flower, and rooted butterfly.

Amaryn. Most lovely Dryope, even if thou hast
A garden of more redolence and bloom
Than that Hesperian paradise of yore,
I shall prefer the forest's wild and vast
Magnificence, the wind's sonorous roar,
The nymphs, the stags, the interminable gloom,
And the hairy satyrs.

Dryope.

O we have awful shades !

Dim lawns, unfathom'd by the sun, grown old
In a green twilight ; but in our darkest glades
Of woven wood, and bosky wilderness,
There is no gloom. Nature may there unfold
A reverend hoariness, solemn and wild,
Where, amid sinewy and furrow'd trees,
That ne'er have bent their knotty knees
Unto a thousand storms, with visage mild,
Old shaggy satyrs, stooping with excess
Of years, bow their grey heads to Pan.
But all is bland, not fearful. How delighted
Wilt thou be, Amarynthus, to survey
Our giant woods, coeval with the sky,
And yet by human eyes unseen. To stray
Through colonnades of Doric trunks whose high
O'er-arching boughs form temples dedicate
To Pan. How thrilling to thy soul to feel
His presence in the deep inviolate
Silence of that solitude,

Within whose sanctuary rude
Nymph, Dryad, Hamadryad, come to kneel,
Upwardly looking their ineffable love ;
Then through the verdurous alleys of the grove
Homeward retire, with musing eye downcast,
In voiceless reverence.

Amarynthus. Hast thou e'er pierced the forest
through ?

Urania. So wide
It spreads, that I have not, though I have dived
Deep in its shady heart.

Amarynthus. What hast thou spied
In the remotest depths where thou hast lived ?

Urania. Older, and older, and still older trees,
Wrecks of past ages, stand like monuments,
Leading up, step by step, to the creation.
The breath of long forgotten centuries,
Pent in their trunks, finds in their hollow vents
A voice that murmurs of the world primeval,
And early gods. Unless imagination

Cheated mine ear, how often have I heard
Whispers like these : — “ O if there were reprieval
“ From time’s assaults in glorious memories,
“ These boughs would not be wither’d up and
 “ furr’d
“ With cankering rust, for under their vast sweep
“ Dian with all her nymphs was wont to follow
“ The stag ; and from this very trunk Apollo
“ Pluck’d moss to staunch the bleeding arteries
“ Of Hyacinthus’ forehead, cloven deep
“ By his zephyr-guided quoit.” From wrecks more
 hoary,
Mere trunks, from which the weary storms have
 wrench’d
All that would move, leaving them rocks of wood,
Dim recollections of their ancient glory,
Have in these moanings faintly breath’d — “ Old,
 “ old !
“ Limbless, and sapless, and almost intrench’d
“ Within the earth, yet towering once I stood,

“ Giant of the forest, and beneath my shade
“ Did hoary-headed Saturn sit and fold
“ His hands in lonely thought. Hyperion,
“ Far off, and yet beneath my boughs, hath laid
“ His giant symmetry to sleep ; and one
“ Of the Titans, mightier still, Porphyryon,
“ Tired of the chace, supported once his vast
“ Huge-muscled back against my bending trunk.
“ Sometimes I dream of elemental forms
“ More ancient still, but dim, for they have past,
“ Past all away, torn from me in the storms
“ Of ages, that have left me bare, and shrunk
“ Into a hollow nothing.”

A favourite hound

We buried lately near a wreck like this,
And deep in earth a hunting spear we found,
Unliftable, the fragment of an age,
When giants chaced the mammoth.

Amarynthus.

O the bliss

Of roaming in those forests, which the last

Of the Gods and Titans made their glorious stage.
Within those precincts, dim and vast,
Our bridal rites shall be
Solemnis'd jocundly,
The pomp of nature gracing our espousal;
Birds and winds shall pipe a real
Chorus hymeneal,
As the ripe fruitage falls for our carousal.
Our witnesses shall be earth, woods, and sky;
Our coronals the wild flowers wreathing
Around our leafy camp;
Our bed the blossom'd swath up-breathing
Incense, and Hesper's twinkling eye
Our nuptial lamp.
We will teach love-songs to the brooks
That lose themselves in dells and nooks,
That so our wooings may pervade
The deepest labyrinths of shade.
We will awaken Silence with our kisses
Till Echo blushes,

And Zephyrus shall prattle of our blisses
Unto the bowers and bushes.

O I will love thee, Dryope, so dearly,
That if thou couldst immortal life resume,
Still shouldst thou cling unto the narrow scope
Of man.

Urania. Hush, hush ! I swear to thee sincerely,
That I am proud to share his glorious doom.
Hath he not present love, and future hope ?
What ! is it nothing that he sits enthroned
In this so beautiful world, with its blue skies
Lighted so gorgeously ; its earth arrayed
In Flora's festal broidery, and zoned
With dancing seas ? Nothing, that perfumes rise
From flowery fields, while madrigals are play'd
By lyric beaks, to cheer him as he shakes
His banquet from the bough ? O joy above
All joys, to feel that the benignant Pan,
Who still renews these blessings, ne'er forsakes
The world he made, nor lessens in his love.

Dear Amarynthus, tell me not that man
Owns a low destiny. Let us but strive
To love our fellow-men as Heaven loves us,
(Which is true piety,) and earth will seem
Itself a heaven.

Amarynthus. O may we ever live
In this sweet creed, and Pan propitious,
Lengthen our loves, and realise thy dream !

NOTES

TO

AMARYNTHUS, THE NYMPHOLEPT.

NOTES

TO

AMARYNTHUS, THE NYMPHOLEPT.

Page 16.

*Or that red flower, whose lips ejaculate
Woe.*

EVERY body is familiar with the beautiful fiction of the death of Hyacinthus, and Apollo's conversion of his blood into a flower, on whose petals he inscribed the exclamation of his grief — "Ai ! Ai !" But authors are by no means agreed as to the identity of the modern with the ancient Hyacinth. Ovid describes it as a lily-shaped flower of a purple or sanguine colour ; and in the 15th book of his *Metamorphoses* mentions another of the same sort which sprang from the blood of Ajax, with similar letters, expressing, in this instance, not the grief of Apollo, but the name of Ajax. This conceit is appropriate enough in Ovid, but it was surely unworthy of Sophocles in his Ajax to descend to a pun, and make his hero exclaim, " Ai !

Ai! what a fatal conformity is there between the name which I bear, and the misfortunes I endure!" Dioscorides thinks that the Hyacinth is the Vaccinium, our Gladiolus, or Corn-flag, on whose purple flower the letters may sometimes be imperfectly traced; a suggestion supported by Salmasius, on the ground that Virgil, in the line of his tenth eclogue, "*Et nigræ violæ sunt, et Vaccinia nigra*," is obviously translating a line in the 10th Idyll of Theocritus, *Καὶ τὸ ἶον μέλαν ἔντι καὶ ἄγραπτὰ δ᾽ ἀκινδύῃ*. He infers that it must be the Iris or Gladiolus, for the following additional reasons:—1. From the phrase of Columella, "*Cælestis nominis Hyacinthus*," which is only applicable to the Iris. 2. From the assertion of Palladius "*Hyacinthus, qui Iris, vel Gladiolus dicitur*." 3. From the diverging lines upon the leaf, which, rudely describing the letters A and I, confirm the "*Ai, ai, flos habet inscriptum*," of Ovid. 4. From its lily-shape and size, which justify the "*formamque cepit quam lilia, si non purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis*," Ovid, Met. x. In conclusion he observes, that the colours, *purpureus, ferrugineus, niger, and rubens*, attributed by the poets to the Hyacinth, are all applicable to the Gladiolus. Professor Martyn, however, in his notes upon Virgil, maintains that the species of red lily, called the Martagon, or Turk's cap, is the genuine Hyacinth, both from its blood-colour, and from the configuration of the black specks upon it, which, with a little help from imagination, will often assume the form of the letters *ai*.

This appears to be the most plausible conjecture. Moschus, in his *Idyllium*, on the death of Bion, calls upon the flower to exhibit its mournful inscription in larger characters; other poets have happily availed themselves of the fiction, and the reader will immediately recollect Milton's allusion to it in his *Lycidas*. It is by no means impossible that instead of the flower being derived from *Hyacinthus*, the whole story of his death was suggested to the vivid imagination of some ancient Greek while gazing upon the flower, as an explanation of the fancied writing upon its petals. The tale of *Io's* transformation into a cow, and of her revealing the misfortune by writing her name upon the sand with her foot, originated, probably, in like manner, from the print of a cow's hoof bearing some resemblance to the letters which form the name. See the Scholiast on *Virgil*.

Page 26.

Such as, in mystic days of yore,

To sage Melampus' ear they bore.

Melampus, a great physician and prophet, cured the mad daughters of King *Prætus*, by giving them black helibore, thence called *Melampodion*; and to show his conviction of the efficacy of his prescription, married one of them himself. His servants, according to *Apollodorus*, having found a nest of snakes in an old oak, killed the father and mother, and brought the young ones to Melampus, who nourished and preserved them with great care.

One day having fallen asleep, these animals attached themselves to each of his ears, which they licked with such effect, that upon his awaking he understood the language of birds and beasts, with many other things, of which he had not previously formed the smallest conception. Apolonius Tyaneus, the Pythagorean philosopher, in traversing Mesopotamia, is said to have acquired a similar knowledge from the Arabs, by the simple expedient of eating the liver or heart of a dragon, upon which Eusebius sagely remarks, that he must in that instance have violated his rule of Pythagorean abstinence.

Page 37.

Within myself a vestal spirit dwells, &c.

This is merely an amplification of the beautiful passage in the first scene of Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, which Milton has also imitated in the first scene of his Comus.

Page 43.

Dost thou use Thapsus?

Thapsus, according to Heinsius, is a Scythian wood of a boxen colour, supposed by some to be the Indian Guaiacum, with which the women who wished to look pale formerly tinged their cheeks.

Page 58.

Catches the sylvan god's ecstatic pipe.

This was no unusual belief among the ancients. Pan was

thought to be particularly partial to the mountains in the neighbourhood of the Bœotian Thebes, where he was accustomed to sing and dance in cadence to the music of his reed. Pindar, who had a particular devotion for the Deity, and composed the hymns which the Theban virgins sang at his festival, took up his abode near the temple of Rhea and Pan, and was once fortunate enough to hear him singing one of the very hymns which he had written. If we enter for a moment into his religious as well as poetical feelings, we shall not wonder that he is stated to have become intoxicated with joy.

Page 96.

To watch the weeping Hyades.

The nurses of Bacchus, changed into three, five, or seven stars, according to various authorities, bore this name; and their appearance was generally supposed to indicate rain; whence the verse of Virgil:—

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque triones.

Page 108.

— *Didst thou not spy*

Pan's symbol branded on its side?

This precaution was observed with all the herds destined for sacrifice; and Plutarch particularly records that the heifers sacred to the Persian Diana were stamped with the figure of a torch.

Page 109.

—— *And, O ye pendent boughs
Of ilex, ivy, rosemary, and box.*

Theseus, pursuing Perigune to a place overgrown with shrubs, rushes, and wild asparagus, she, in her childish simplicity, addressed her prayers and vows to those plants and bushes, promising that if they would hide her she would never burn or destroy them. — *Plutarch.*

Page 112.

When Rhæcus riding the woods among.

This story is to be found in the scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius, who derives it from Charon of Lampsacus. Another, nearly similar, but with a happier conclusion, is told by Natalis Comes, who does not cite its author, but makes Arcas, the son of Jupiter and Calisto, its hero. Mr. Hunt has introduced the former tale, with his usual happy effect, into his delightful little weekly paper, *The Indicator*.

LUCY MILFORD.

A TALE.

LUCY MILFORD.

A TALE.

I.

WHERE DEBEN'S silver streamlet flows along,
Through Suffolk's rural shades, unknown to song,
Dwelt Lucy Milford. Deben, not to thee
I paint her beauties and her misery,
For thou hast often in thy glassy rill
Her form reflected, and when all is still,
At even-fall the gathered village-maids,
Pacing thy banks, or seated in the shades,
With solemn earnestness her tale disclose,
And make thy waters murmur with her woes.

To happy sires, with duteous daughters bless'd,
Like her caressing, and like her caress'd,

I sing, and warn them by her cruel fate,
To shun the faults and sorrows I relate.
Rich was her father, for his farm supplied
Enough to gratify paternal pride;
And such a venial pride, ah ! who could smother,
That own'd so sweet a child, and had no other
To soothe his sorrows for her buried mother ?

II.

With riper years her beauties riper grew,
Hers were the eyes of soft and beaming blue,
The forehead high, between the parted hair,
Which proudly told that intellect was there ;
The flushing cheek, the fair and sanguine skin,
The auburn ringlets, and the dimpled chin ;
And, if some scatter'd freckles here and there
Betray'd the kisses of the summer air,
Like the dark spots upon the God of light,
They made surrounding beauties shine more bright.

Nor was the soul unworthy of the form ;
The simple heart, susceptible and warm,
The artless feelings with the native sense,
At once her best attraction and defence ;
The filial love, and the religious rite
That lost the sense of duty in delight ;
Such were the charms that graced this gifted creature
With kindred loveliness of mind and feature.

III.

Her doating father, eager to behold
Art's magic burnish on the native gold,
And yet too fond to let his treasure roam,
To win in schools what might be taught at home ;
Careless of cost where Lucy was in view,
Expensive teachers from a distance drew ;
More prone, perhaps, because himself untaught,
To prize the wonders by tuition wrought.

Envy the simplest bosoms will devour,
As cankers lurk within the fairest flower,
And who can wonder that the maidens nigh
Gaz'd upon Lucy with a jealous eye?
If with their own they ventured to compare
Her worth, her beauty, her endowments rare,
Forced to admire, yet eager to traduce,
They own'd her talents, but denied their use.
Chiding the father, that the jealous spleen,
By her engender'd, might escape unseen;
They wish'd, or said they wish'd, the girl might
thrive,
But as to him, "the fondest fool alive!"
So strangers felt; but, ah! how soon to change,
When to her character no longer strange;
So sweet her manners on a nearer view,
So all accomplish'd, and so humble too,
So seemingly unconscious of the charms
That fill'd surrounding bosoms with alarms;

To minds less fraught so willing to defer,
And reconcile them to themselves and her,
That they who came with envious doubts excited,
Abjured them all, and went away delighted.

IV.

Her filial offices, her stated prayers,
Books, flowers, and music, and domestic cares,
Gladden'd the day. Thus, undisturb'd, and smooth,
Flow'd the calm current of her early youth ;
And smiling thus, her eighteenth year drew nigh,
Ere grave distress, or scarce a passing sigh
Had heav'd her bosom. She had heard the name
Of Love, but was a stranger to his flame,
And often fancied that her books must err,
And give the God too dark a character.
Unceasing, there, she saw his arrows fall,
Destroying some, and agitating all :
She look'd around — examin'd her own breast,
Love was a fable, and his power a jest !

Secluded as she liv'd and wish'd to die,
She could not quite escape the curious eye ;
Some rustic rumours would her fame extend,
Varied, as borne by stranger or by friend,
The " learned lady !" some would taunt and rally,
While some extolled " the Belle of Woodbridge
Valley !"

V.

In Yarmouth's town, a merchant's only boy,
Charles Seaton, lived, to give and gather joy ;
Enthusiastic, warm, aspiring, wild,
Perfection's votary, while yet a child ;
Whate'er was virtuous, romantic, new,
Engross'd his fancy, and his homage drew.
In books delighting, and with genius fraught,
He loved to mingle melody with thought ;
And as in youth his rhyming sins began,
The boy's propensity possess'd the man.

To vie with gifted minstrels, to combine
The manly sense with harmony divine ;
To strike the harp, and with a magic skill,
Enchant, instruct, or terrify at will,
His powers forbade ; but not a few, who lift
Their voice in song without the sacred gift,
Would find their muse unable, or unwilling,
To pour a strain so simple, yet so thrilling.

VI.

Such was the youth who all impatient hied
Athwart the plain, the Deben for his guide ;
Nor stop'd till he had gain'd the leafy fence
Of Milford's farm ; here first his fears commence.
Would she not fancy that he came to share
The rude amazement and the vulgar stare ?
Without offence what plea could he aver,
How please himself without distressing her ?
Better unknown, than known to have encroach'd,
He might be foil'd, but would not be reproach'd.

Some other day, some other mode, he cried,
'Tis vain to stay, but still he staid, and sigh'd ;
Could I but steal a glimpse before I went,
Or catch one accent, I should go content.

An open casement won, but mock'd his view,
So thick the clust'ring honeysuckles grew.
He paused, and turn'd his backward way to win,
When, lo ! the sound of music from within !
Swift o'er the chords her playful fingers flinging,
Some new Cecilia seem'd divinely singing.

VII.

Charles, listening, stood in almost breathless
trance,

Loth to recede, yet fearful of advance ;
He paused, but all was still !—Is this, he cried,
Enchanted ground, where fairy sprites preside ?
Do magic minstrels in the air afloat,
To harps of gold attune the liquid note ?

Ah, no ! in silent extasy they hail
The voice of Lucy, Syren of the Vale.
'Tis she who thus —— and here he stopp'd to view
An arm extended of transparent hue,
But soon the tantalising hope was o'er,
It closed the casement, and he saw no more.
Of forms regardless, quickly now he press'd
Across the garden, an unbidden guest,
But from the wicket was again retreating,
When Lucy's sire advanced with friendly greeting.

VIII.

'Twas now the sense of his intrusion rush'd
Athwart his mind ; he hesitated, blush'd,
Then, with ingenuous warmth, his story told,
How urged to come, why longing to behold.
Milford, who knew, although by fame alone,
The father's worth, the virtues of the son,
Proved, by the flushing cheek and trembling tear,
The joy he felt his daughter's praise to hear.

Yes, you shall see her, he exclaim'd and smil'd ;
Yes, you shall see this over-rated child ;
But recollect, the mind, unlike the eye,
Sees distant objects larger than when nigh ;
And be prepared, upon a nearer gaze,
Her claims to question, and curtail her praise.
She's a good daughter, that must be confess'd.
Good ! did I say ? God bless her, she's the best !

This said, he took his hand, and Charles was shown
To Lucy's parlour, justly call'd her own ;
The landscaped walls disclosed her pencil's powers,
Hers were the books, the instruments, the flowers :
The honeysuckles which with circling flush
Around the casement seemed to peep and blush,
By her were rear'd : on every side were traces
Of high endowments, and unrivall'd graces.

IX.

Not long could cold formality divide
Congenial souls, by nature's self allied ;

For theirs with kindred properties were graced;
Alike their studies, their pursuits, their taste.
Together from their favourite books they drew
Their old delights, by sympathy made new,
And often tasted with its purest zest
That mental luxury, of all the best,
When, as the fields were sunny, and the breeze
Upspringing fresh, made music in the trees,
To some lone nook amid the shades they stole,
To read a poet with a poet's soul.

But most they loved thee, mighty son of song!
Thee, great enchanter of the tuneful throng,
Exhaustless Shakspeare! He, where'er they stray'd,
Their mentor and their minstrel too was made.
While thus each day they view'd with bosoms warm,
Some new acquirement or increasing charm,
While thus with Shakspeare through the meadows
 roving,
Ah! how could hearts like theirs refrain from
 loving?

X.

Close to the farm an ancient orchard spread,
In part surrounded by the Deben's bed ;
A weeping willow, hanging o'er the side,
Dipp'd its incumbent tresses in the tide,
Like some woe-stricken and dishevell'd fair
That bends, and weeps, and meditates despair.
Beneath its arching boughs a rustic seat
The lovers found, their favourite retreat.

Here Charles was reading by the twilight's aid
Of Romeo's passion, and the love-sick maid,
Until the gathering shades of night opposed
His further progress, and the book he clos'd.
In pleasing converse still they sate, nor knew
Of night's approach, so fast the moments flew,
Till at their feet the moon's divided beam
Stole through the silver'd leaves upon the stream,
Chequer'd and still, save where the willow dips,
And breaks the lustre with its floating tips.

Calm was the night, and all was still'd at last,
Except the waters guggling as they past,
Which, by degrees, with fainter murmurs creep,
And seem, at length, to hush themselves asleep.

XI.

The night, the orchard, and the radiance shed,
Recall'd the kindred scene he just had read,
Where Romeo, stealing in the silent hour,
Pour'd vows of love beneath his Juliet's bower.
As fond as Romeo, though with love untold,
He turn'd a fairer Juliet to behold,
And as her yielding hand he clasp'd, and press'd,
With sudden transport, to his throbbing breast,
“ Lady,” he cried, with an empassion'd air,
“ Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
“ That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —”
When Lucy, with a smile, his progress stops :
“ O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
“ So prone to change, lest thou should'st change
as soon.” —

“ Then by this trembling hand I swear, by this
“ On which I seal the contract with a kiss,
“ My heart, my hopes for ever to resign,
“ Lucy, to thee, for I am only thine.”

Thus with a fond embrace the youth, delighted,
Confess'd his flame, and love eternal plighted.

XII.

Milford with fond solicitude caress'd
The happy couple, and their passion bless'd ;
And Charles, at once, to love and duty true,
To gain his father's sanction, homeward flew.
Scarce had he left the farm his sire to meet,
When with unnerving access, fierce and fleet,
Through Milford's frame a subtle fever sped,
And chain'd its burning victim to his bed.
Just in the trembling balance of his fate,
A roving missionary reach'd the gate,
And claim'd admittance. The itinerant saint
Had heard of Lucy's love, the sire's complaint,

And ever prowling on the watch to find
A shatter'd frame, and spirit undermined,
Thought he might here his convert-arts essay,
Strong in the weakness of a prostrate prey.

Milford, unus'd to sickness, unprepared
For death's approach, subdued, bewilder'd, scared,
Prone to believe, untutor'd to reply,
Of life despairing, yet afraid to die,
With horror heard the woe-denouncing stranger,
Ready for any faith that led from danger.

XIII.

Nature prevails ; his fever takes its flight,
And, lo ! a miracle as clear as light !
His task was done. The missionary knew
His unenlighten'd convert would be true.
Writhe as he would, he could not 'scape the dart
For ever fix'd to wrangle in his heart.
Mistaken zealot ! thou hast made his life
Convert, indeed, — to bitterness and strife.

Lucy with anguish saw her alter'd sire
With dark chimeras haunted, girt with fire ;
And, like the scorpion, in his burning ring,
Writhing beneath a self-inflicted sting.
She saw that in the temple of his mind
God was dethroned, a hideous fiend enshrined,
And, melting into tears at his unkindness,
Withdrew to pray that Heaven might cure his
 blindness.

XIV.

But, oh ! what deadly chill her soul appall'd
When with a frown his promise he recall'd,
Denounc'd her love, and warn'd her to reverse
All past engagements, or expect his curse !
Aghast she stood : anon in suppliance bent,
With broken sobs implored him to relent ;
But vain her arguments, her prayers, her tears,
The bigot's hardness stops the father's ears.

Was he not bound his daughter to controul,
And even by compulsion save her soul ?
Sick, he had made a contract with the Lord,
Could he, in health, retract his plighted word ?
He lov'd his child too well to wave her bliss
In future worlds for fleeting joys in this.
Wives were their husbands' echoes, ever moved
To take the tenets of the man they loved,
Lucy must therefore keep her single state,
Or choose for guide an evangelic mate.
Charles ridiculed the saints. What, wed a scoffer !
He'd rather see her die than take his offer.

XV.

Such was the scene to which her lover rush'd
After compell'd delays. What anger flush'd
His burning cheek, what anguish rack'd his breast,
When the sad tale by Lucy was confess'd !
Instant he sought her father ; — fearless, warm,
His solemn promise urged him to perform :

Bade him resume his reason, and despise
The base impostor and his juggling lies :
Lash'd him with ridicule's unsparing rod,
And from his libels vindicated God.

But Milford's zeal with opposition rose,
As lime, assail'd by water, fiercer glows.
Away with ceremony, pledges, ties,
No dealings with religion's enemies !
Begone ! he cried : what promise, or permission,
Can bind a Christian to his child's perdition ?

XVI.

The sire of Charles too intimately knew
Th' intolerant zeal of that misguided crew,
Not to anticipate domestic jars,
Feuds in his family, and fire-side wars.
Time, he exclaim'd, may Milford's doubts remove :
If not, let absence wean this luckless love.

Prompt to perform whate'er his thoughts suggest,
His son he quickly reach'd, and thus address'd .

Charles, I have need of your immediate aid,
The charge is weighty, must not be delay'd ;
Our own new ship, the Seaton, richly stow'd,
For Sweden bound, is riding in the road,
An owner's presence his success secures,
Too old for toil myself, the task be yours ;
'Tis a short trip ; season and wind befriend you ;
On board then, quickly, and success attend you.
His heart was wrung, but struggling with his tears,
Charles sooth'd his Lucy's sorrows, calm'd her
fears ;

Swore, when return'd, to claim her as his bride,
Were Milford's sanction granted or denied ;
Urged his unchanging love, the short delay,
Kiss'd her cold lips, and tore himself away.

O with what faithful sympathy of mind,
She mark'd the smallest veerings of the wind ;
Thrill'd with delight at each propitious gale,
While adverse breezes fann'd her, chill and pale.

O how she trembled in her bed of fears,
When the loud elements assail'd her ears ;
Or if she dozed, what dreams beset her pillow,
Of storms, and wrecks, and corpses on the billow !

XVII.

At length a letter came ! O sight of bliss !
How her heart flutter'd, as she press'd a kiss
On Charles's seal ! Good tidings it convey'd,
A happy outward course, successful trade ;
In a few days his task he should complete,
And speed for England, with the homeward fleet ;
A few days more would waft him to the land,
And crown his wishes, with his Lucy's hand.

In a small mansion on the Norfolk shore
That fac'd the sea, tho' distant from its roar,
An aunt resided ; every year she came,
Her favorite Lucy as a guest to claim ;
She claim'd her now, and as the father knew
That all her store would to his child accrue,

He gave a slow consent to the excursion,
Loth to delay his plans for her conversion.

XVIII.

Unvex'd and free, her spirits here resume
A soft tranquillity, her cheeks their bloom.
Her trembling heart whene'er she wander'd forth,
True as the needle, pointed to the North ;
And oft she eyed the distant wave, to meet
Some gleaming sail, precursor of the fleet.
At length, refulgent, in the dawning light,
Burst the broad convoy on her sparkling sight.
The midnight storm was silenced, and the day
Broke clear and cloudless in serene array ;
Altho' the waves, still agitated, roll'd
In massy sweeps of undulating gold.
Aloft, in wheeling flights, the sea-gulls play,
Or skim the ocean : from the neighbouring bay,
The fishers' boats, a gay, tho' motley throng,
The scene enliven as they sweep along :

Up from the flood, with tumbling transport, flings
The dusky porpus, splashing as he springs :
While here and there, the tenants of the deep,
Like meteors flash, as in the sun they leap ;
The waves themselves seem glad, and sporting,
 bright,
Roll to the shore with murmurs of delight.
'Neath the white cliffs, as far as eye can roam,
The yellow sands are fringed with silver foam ;
Of the past tempest every trace is lost,
Save the torn weeds upon the shingles tost,
And the deep furrows, where the breakers dashing,
Had plough'd the shore up in their angry lashing.

XIX.

While tears of joy her flushing cheek bedew'd,
The fleet, the fleet alone her eye pursued ;
Some, from the others parting, stretch'd in shore,
As if for Yarmouth bound ; she conn'd them o'er,

And as she strove to fix the happy one
That bore her Seaton — hark ! a distant gun !
Around she roll'd her eyes with timid start.
Another gun ! it smote upon her heart ;
For well its fatal import she could guess :
It flash'd at once, a signal of distress !
O God, she falter'd with convulsive lip,
O gracious God, it may be Seaton's ship !
Quick to the beach successive parties rush,
Some jump tumultuous in their boats, and push
Promptly to sea ; some speed along the shore,
Or on the distant rocks through glasses pore :
“ Out with the life-boat ! ” is the cry — she leaps
Over the foaming surge and seaward sweeps.
All to one point with eager haste converge,
All to the distant rock their progress urge.

Thither her fearful glances Lucy turn'd,
And all aghast, the fatal spot discern'd,
Where the dark wreck amid the foam and spray,
Heav'd on its side a mastless fragment lay.

Blind to all else, her looks with stedfast strain
Pursue the life-boat ; on it speeds amain ;
Now nears the rocks, now dwindled to a speck,
Shoots through the foam, and gains the prostrate
wreck.

A shout of joy that from the gazers broke,
Feeling and hope in Lucy's breast awoke ;
Forth from her heart the reflux currents rush ;
Fast from her eyes the tears of transport gush ;
And while she struggles with hysteric throbs,
“ He's saved, he's saved !” she indistinctly sobs.

XX.

An awful pause succeeds ; the life-boat leaves
The shatter'd fragment, through the surges cleaves,
And, homeward steering, Lucy's piercing glance
Peruses every form as they advance ;
Their numbers counts, examines every face,
No rescued crew, no stranger can she trace!

Now within hail a hundred voices rise,
And the beach clamours with enquiring cries,
Lucy would fain repeat, "What ship, what ship?"
But gasps for breath, and only moves her lip;
Alas, poor trembler! all thy hopes and doubts
Will soon be o'er, for loud the steersman shouts,
Ere yet the boat is in the breakers tost,
"A Yarmouth ship, the SEATON — ALL HANDS
LOST!"

XXI.

See yon pale figure that beside her bed
Sits with dishevell'd locks and pendent head;
Clasp'd are her hands, and fix'd her glassy eyes,
No tear she sheds, her bosom heaves no sighs;
A vacant stupor wraps her pallid face,
She hears not, speaks not, moves not from her
place;
And well might seem some ghastly thing of stone,
But for that shuddering shrink, that smother'd
moan.

Alas, poor Lucy ! who that sees thee now,
Would recognise the once unclouded brow,
The light that play'd in those cerulean eyes,
Gay as the sunbeams of the summer skies ;
The angel smile that o'er thy features stole,
Temper'd by innocence, and fraught with soul,
Ere yet a father's frown had banished gladness,
Or lover's loss had driven thee to madness.

XXII.

Roused from her torpor she recalls by fits,
Her wonted looks, but not her wandering wits ;
Loos'd by the shock, and in confusion thrown,
These, these have lost, for ever lost their tone ;
But as some noble instrument, decay'd,
Or idly by unmeaning childhood play'd,
Proves by its broken melody how much
It once could charm beneath a perfect touch,
So does her reason in untuned decline,
Betray the wreck of harmony divine.

Its sun has set, but o'er the mental skies,
Still shoots its gleams, and sparkles as it dies.

Does she attempt the lute, her fingers soon
Forget their art, and wander from the tune ;
With wildest pathos will she pour awhile
Some plaintive ballad, then with vacant smile
Break into merriment, and carol, free,
Some childish chaunt, with more than childish glee.
At times she paints with all her usual care
The flowers that bloom around, or landscape fair,
Then with fantastic scrawl o'erdaubs the whole,
Enjoys the freak, and laughs without controul ;
That laugh appalling, where the features flare
With joy, in which the reason owns no share ;
That midnight flash which only serves to heighten
The darkness of the scene it strives to brighten.

XXIII.

Sometimes with hurried step and anxious face
In search of Charles she roams from place to place,

Tries every room, and, baffled in her aim,
Strays o'er the fields around, repeats his name,
Starts as the echo answers to her cries,
And gazes round with simpering surprise.

When home returning, as she winds along,
The village maids and children round her throng,
And sigh "Poor Lucy!" in each varied tone
Regret can dictate, or compassion own,
While many a blooming cheek is turn'd aside,
The rising sob or trickling tear to hide,
And the grey hair o'ershadows many an eye
Bedimm'd with sadness as she passes by.

When wildering thus, just sane enough to share,
But not to check the flowings of despair,
If o'er her harpsichord or lute she flings
Her hurried hands, and in her anguish sings,
Such thrilling tones the listening ear will greet,
So wild, pathetic, and withal so sweet,
Yet ever dash'd, with some appalling change,
To sounds so startling, horrible, and strange,

That the awed hearers shrink while they admire,
Feel their blood creep, and, shuddering, retire.

XXIV.

Yet there is one who marks with heart unwrung
The phrensied eye, the incoherent tongue ;
Who views with stubborn and contented gloom
The mangled mind, the daily withering bloom :
Nay, there is one who triumphs in her lot,
Yet bears the name, (kind nature own it not !
O sacred goddess ! be that name unheard ;
Let hovering silence intercept the word,
Or some Sirocco, with its poisonous breath,
Howl it in deserts to the ear of death,)
The name of *Father*!!

Yes, the same doting father, who, of late,
Seem'd wrapp'd and mingled in his Lucy's fate,
Till blind intolerance hurl'd her brand of fires
To break the daughter's heart and sear the sire's.

Callous and calm, he boasts his cruel zeal,
Disclaims the pang he thinks it crime to feel;
Sees the fair wreck in mental darkness stroll,
Deeming her wits well lost to save her soul;
And talks of Abraham, who kiss'd the rod,
And gave his child to reconcile his God.

SONNETS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

SONNETS.

ETERNAL and Omnipotent Unseen !

Who had'st the world, with all its lives complete,
Start from the void and thrill beneath thy feet,
Thee I adore with reverence serene ;

Here, in the fields, thine own cathedral meet,
Built by thyself, star-roof'd, and hung with green,
Wherein all breathing things in concord sweet,
Organ'd by winds, perpetual hymns repeat.

Here hast thou spread that Book to every eye,
Whose tongue and truth all, all may read and
prove,

On whose three blessed leaves, Earth, Ocean, Sky,
Thine own right hand hath stamp'd Might, Jus-
tice, Love ;

True Trinity, which binds in due degree,
God, man, and brute, in social unity.

MORNING.

Beautiful Earth ! O how can I refrain
From falling down to worship thee ? Behold,
Over the misty mountains springs amain
The glorious Sun ; his flaming locks unfold
Their gorgeous clusters, pouring o'er the plain
Torrents of light. Hark ! chanticleer has toll'd
His matin bell, and the larks' choral train
Warble on high hosannas uncontroll'd.

All nature worships thee, thou new-born day !
Blade, flower, and leaf, their dewy offerings pay,
Upon the shrine of incense-breathing earth ;
Birds, flocks, and insects, chaunt their morning lay ;
Let me, too, join in the thanksgiving-mirth,
And praise, thro' thee, the God that gave thee
birth.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

Thou central eye of God, whose lidless ball
Is vision all around, dispensing heat,
And light, and life, and regulating all
With its pervading glance, how calm and sweet
Is thine unclouded setting : thou dost greet,
With parting smiles, the earth ; night's shadows fall,
But long where thou hast sunk shall splendours
meet,
And, lingering there, thy glories past recall.

O may my heart, like thee, unspotted, clear,
Be as a sun to all within its sphere ;
And when beneath the earth I seek my doom,
May I with smiling calmness disappear,
And friendship's twilight, hovering o'er my tomb,
Still bid my memory survive and bloom.

ON THE STATUE OF A PIPING FAWN.

Hark! hear'st thou not the pipe of Faunus, sweeping,
In dulcet glee, thro' Thessaly's domain?
Dost thou not see embower'd wood-nymphs peeping
To watch the graces that around him reign,
While distant vintagers, and peasants reaping,
Stand in mute transport, listening to the strain,
And Pan himself, beneath a pine-tree sleeping,
Looks round, and smiles, then drops to sleep again?

O happy Greece! while thy blest sons were rovers,
Thro' all the loveliness this earth discovers,
They in their minds a brighter region founded,
Haunted by gods and sylvans, nymphs and lovers,
Where forms of grace thro' sunny landscapes
bounded,
By music and enchantment all surrounded.

THE TWINS.

Thou laughing Julia, and Selina grave,
Of azure eye, and stout athletic limb,
Ye, whom one birth to our embraces gave,
Not like the modern twins, deform'd and slim,
But cast like those Latona bore to him
Who wields the thunder; may ye live to brave
The storms of fate, and in the sparkling brim
Of joy's full cup your lips for ever lave!

O may the morning of each life be bright
As parents' wishes in their fondest flight;
And may its evening be as calm a scene
As that which smiles around me while I write;
Where ocean, by a cloudless sky made green,
Awaits the night, unruffled and serene.

ON A GREEN-HOUSE.

Here, from earth's dædal heights and dingles lowly,
The representatives of Nature meet ;
Not like a congress, or Alliance Holy,
Of kings, to rivet chains, but with their sweet
Blossomy mouths to preach the love complete,
That with pearl'd misletoe, and beaded holly,
Cloth'd them in green unchangeable, to greet
Winter with smiles, and banish melancholy.

I envy not th' Emathian madman's fame,
Who won the world, and built immortal shame,
On tears and blood ; but if some flower, new-
found,
In its embalming cup might shroud my name,
Mine were a tomb more worthily renown'd,
Than Cheops' pile, or Artemisia's mound.

ON A STUPENDOUS LEG OF GRANITE, DISCOVERED
STANDING BY ITSELF IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT,
WITH THE INSCRIPTION INSERTED BELOW.

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
Stands a gigantic leg, which far off throws
The only shadow that the desert knows.
“ I am great Ozymandias,” saith the stone,
“ The king of kings : this mighty city shows
“ The wonders of my hand.” The city's gone !
Nought but the leg remaining to disclose
The site of that forgotten Babylon.

We wonder, and some hunter may express
Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness,
Where London *stood*, holding the wolf in chace,
He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
What powerful, but unrecorded, race,
Once dwelt in that annihilated place.

TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, ESQ., ON HIS POEMS.

O thou bold herald of announcements high,
No prostituted muse inspired thy story,
But Hope and Love lent thee their wings, to fly
Forward into a coming age of glory,
When tyrannies and superstitions hoary,
Beneath the foot of Liberty shall lie,
And men shall turn from those oppressors gory,
To worship Peace, and Love, and Charity.

The heart that could conceive so bright a day,
Is proof that it may come; therefore shall they
Who live on tears and darkness, steep each tooth
In poison'd gall, to make that heart their prey;
But thou shalt smile and pity; giving thy youth
To glorious hopes, and all-defying truth.

ON UNEXPECTEDLY RECEIVING A LETTER, WITH
A SUM OF MONEY.

Not for the miserable love of gain,
But that my friend, in his successes just,
Hath proved himself right worthy of my trust,
Do I rejoice ; and that his lines contain
A summer week's reprieve from toil and pain,
From Mammon's clutches, and the town's disgust.
For I have vow'd to all the nymphs who reign,
O'er grove and grot, that I would shake the dust
Off from my shoes, and, in their sylvan hold,
Make a green holiday. Pagans of old,
In marble fanes, their votive tribute hung ;
I in the woods my offerings will unfold,
And tender, like the birds, the leaves among,
A happy heart, and not untuneful tongue.

ON THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

O now may I depart in peace ! for, lo !

Spain, the priest-ridden and enslaved, hath riven
Her chains asunder ; and no rage, no flow

Of blood, save what the despot, phrensy-driven,
Wantonly shed. Did they not crush him ? No ;

All with magnanimous mercy was forgiven !
Tyrants, the hour is coming, sure, tho' slow,
When ye no more can outrage earth and heaven.

As I would joy to see the assassin foil'd

By his own gun's explosion, so do I
Joy, that the oppressor's armies have recoil'd

Back on themselves ; for so shall they rely
On love, not fear, leaving the world o'ertoil'd
With war and chains, to peace and liberty.

TO MAMMON.

Mammon ! thou hast my body, not my mind,
Duly by day I worship in thy train,
But in my home an evening temple find,
Where deities more holy are enshrined,
From whose dear homage may I ne'er refrain ;
For there the pure affections hold their reign,
And the day-fetter'd spirit, unconfined,
Thrills with delight to spread its wings again.

There, when the night's shut out, and those I love
Are bless'd to sleep, to brighter realms I rove,
Transported on the Muse's pinion swift,
Thro' sunny landscapes up to Him above,
Who gave the taste my fancies thus to lift,
And gratitude to thank Him for the gift.

WRITTEN IN THE PORCH OF BINSTED CHURCH,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

Farewell, sweet Binstead ! take a fond farewell
From one unused to sight of woods and seas,
Amid the strife of cities doom'd to dwell,
Yet roused to ecstasy by scenes like these,
Who could for ever sit beneath thy trees,
Inhaling fragrance from the flowery dell,
Or, listening to the murmur of the breeze,
Gaze with delight on Ocean's awful swell.

Again, farewell ! nor deem that I profane
Thy sacred porch ; for while the Sabbath strain
May fail to turn the sinner from his ways,
These are impressions none can feel in vain,
These are the wonders that perforce must raise
The soul to God, in reverential praise.

THE WORLD.

O what a palace rare hast thou created,
Almighty Architect, for man's delight,
With sun, and moon, and stars, illuminated ;
Whose azure dome with pictured clouds is bright,
Each painted by thy hand, a glorious sight !
Whose halls are countless landscapes, variegated,
All carpeted with flowers ; while all invite
Each sense of man to be with pleasure sated.

Fruits hang around us ; music fills each beak ;
The fields are perfumed ; and to eyes that seek
For Nature's charms, what tears of joy will start.
So, let me thank thee, God, not with the reek
Of sacrifice, but breathings pour'd apart,
And the blood-offering of a grateful heart.

TO A ROSE.

Thou new-born Rose, emerging from the dew,
Like Aphrodite, when the lovely bather
Blush'd from the sea, how fair thou art to view,
And fragrant to the smell ! The Almighty Father
Implanted thee, that men of every hue,
Even a momentary joy might gather ;
And shall he save one people, and pursue
Others to endless agony ? O rather
Let me believe in thee, thou holy Rose,
Who dost alike thy lips of love uncloze,
Be thy abode by saint or savage trod.
Thou art the priest whose sermons soothe our woes,
Preaching, with Nature's tongue, from every sod,
Love to mankind, and confidence in God.

ON AN ANCIENT LANCE, HANGING IN AN ARMOURY.

Once in the breezy coppice didst thou dance,
And nightingales amid thy foliage sang;
Form'd by man's cruel art into a lance,
Oft hast thou pierc'd (the while the welkin rang
With trump and drum, shoutings and battle clang,)
Some foeman's heart. Pride, pomp, and circum-
stance

Have left thee now, and thou dost silent hang,
From age to age, in deep and dusty trance.

What is thy change to ours? these gazing eyes,
To earth reverting, may again arise

In dust, to settle on the self-same space;
Dust, which some offspring, yet unborn, who tries
To poise thy weight, may with his hand efface,
And with his moulder'd eyes again replace.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Lone warbler ! thy love-melting heart supplies
The liquid music-fall, that from thy bill
Gushes in such ecstatic rhapsodies,
Drowning night's ear. Yet thine is but the skill
Of loftier love, that hung up in the skies
Those everlasting lamps, man's guide, until
Morning return, and bade fresh flowers arise,
Blowing by night, new fragrance to distil.

Why are these blessings lavish'd from above
On man, when his unconscious sense and sight
Are closed in sleep ; but that the few who rove,
From want or woe, or travels urge by night,
May still have perfume, music, flowers, and light :
So kind and watchful is celestial love !

SUNSET.

'Tis sweet to sit beneath these walnut-trees,
And pore upon the sun in splendour sinking,
And think upon the wond'rous mysteries
Of this so lovely world, until, with thinking,
Thought is bewilder'd, and the spirit, shrinking
Into itself, no outward object sees,
Still, from its inward fount, new visions drinking,
Till the sense swims in dreamy reveries.

Awaking from this trance, with gentle start,
'Tis sweeter still to feel th' o'erflowing heart
Shoot its glad gushes to the thrilling cheek,
To feel as if the yearning soul would start
Upwards to God, and by its flutters speak
Homage, for which all language is too weak.

MORNING.



HARK! how the branches of the trees
Rustle in the morning breeze.
Wave, wave your jocund heads on high,
Dance to the music of the sky,
For the sun has given warning
Of a bright and balmy morning.
As the climbing sailor-boy
First sees land, and shouts for joy,
So the lark from airy height
Catches first, and hails the light,
Piping up the feather'd races,
Nestling still in leafy places.
Yellow-cups and daisies press'd,
Where the cow has lain to rest,
By the sun recover'd slowly,
Struggle from their posture lowly,

While the wild-flowers, which the field
Or the shelter'd hedges yield,
Peeping from their hiding places
Show their vari-colour'd faces ;
Cowslips, primroses, and lilies,
Violets and daffodillies,
And infant buds of every hue
All baptized in glitt'ring dew.

Yonder is a girl who lingers
Where wild honeysuckle grows
Mingling with the briar rose,
And with eager outstretch'd fingers,
Tiptoe standing, vainly tries
To reach the hedge-envelop'd prize ;
But the school-bell on the wind
Sounding, warns her to be gone,
And she slowly saunters on,
Looking wistfully behind.
Air exults, and earth rejoices
In a thousand mingled voices.

As he plies his busy wings
The buzzing bee incessant sings,
Or in hare-bells hid, or clover,
Silently purloins their sweets,
When the honey-laden rover
Sings again as he retreats.
Lowling oxen, bleating lambs,
Answer'd by their list'ning dams ;
Chanticleer's resounding throat,
And the cuckoo's double note ;
And the sheep-bells' tinkling tattle,
And the runnel's guggling rattle,
Mixing all in tuneful glee,
Form the morning harmony.

THE CONTRAST ;

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE THE DAY
AFTER THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court ; and in all the crowd,
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken ;
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
To the muffled drum's deep rolling ;
While the minute gun with its solemn roar,
Drown'd the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walk'd in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to *us*,
But to *him* a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight ;—from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled ;
And it gladden'd each eye, save his alone
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved — a Queen — a son—
And a son's sole child have perish'd ;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherish'd.

For his eyes were seal'd, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread
Unvex'd by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boom'd,
As the stream of time kept flowing ;
And we only heard of our King when doom'd
To know that his strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A part of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length ; he is laid in dust ;
Death's hand his slumbers breaking ;
For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn,
And should sculptur'd stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when, in turn,
We lay our heads beside him.

SICILIAN ARETHUSA.



SICILIAN ARETHUSA ! thou, whose arms
Of azure round the Thymbrian meadows wind,
Still are thy margins lined
With the same flowers Proserpina was weaving
In Enna's field, beside Pergusa's lake,
When swarthy Dis, upheaving,
Saw her, and, stung to madness by her charms,
Down snatch'd her, shrieking, to his Stygian
couch.

Thy waves, Sicilian Arethusa, flow
In cadence to the shepherd's flageolet,
As tunefully as when they wont to crouch
Beneath the banks to catch the pipings low
Of old Theocritus, and hear him trill
Bucolic songs, and Amoebæan lays.
And still, Sicilian Arethusa, still
Though Ætna dry thee up, or frosts enchain,
Thy music shall be heard, for poets high

Have dipp'd their wreaths in thee, and by their
praise
Made thee immortal as themselves. Thy flowers,
Transplanted, an eternal bloom retain,
Rooted in words that cannot fade or die.
Thy liquid gush and guggling melody
Have left undying echoes in the bowers
Of tuneful poesy. Thy very name,
Sicilian Arethusa, had been drown'd
In deep oblivion, but that the buoyant breath
Of bards uplifted it, and bade it float
Adown the eternal lapse, assured of fame,
Till all things shall be swallow'd up in death.
Where, Immortality ! where canst thou found
Thy throne unperishing, but in the throat
Of the true bard, whose breath encrusts his theme
Like to a petrification, which the stream
Of time will only make more durable ?

THE END.

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